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THE HEIGHTS AND THE VALLEY.

BY F. B. BACON.

There are gay clouds in the valley,
Clouds and mists, and chilling rain;
But upon the heights there's sunshine;
There we gaze with longing vain.

Mellow moonlight in the valley
Glitters on the heights above;
And the dewdrops in the valley
Kiss the lilies that they love.

On the heights there are no lilies;
They love best the valleys low;
All the glitter on the heights is
Diamond ice and pearls of snow.

SAVED FROM THE WATERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'CECIL'S MISTAKE,' ETC., ETC., ETC

CHAPTER VI.

TWELVE O'CLOCK on a bright May morning, with the sun shining, the birds chirruping gaily, and all the trees clothed in their tender green foliage.

Rotten Row in all its glory, and the Ladies' Mile is looking its brightest and best, with its host of dainty equestrians and their attendant cavaliers, the horses' satin shining coats gleaming in the sun as they canter along, arching their necks and tossing their pretty heads, as if proud of their fair burdens.

It is a pretty sight, the graceful girls in their tightly-fitting habits, with their coquettish hats and little gauntleted gloves, their eyes sparkling and cheeks flushed as they ride along, bowing in recognition of an acquaintance, or listening to the tender tones of some devoted swain by their side, or pausing sometimes to speak to one of the languid "swells" leaning against the railings. It is a pretty sight, and he must be a very careless or indifferent observer who fails to see its beauty.

Strolling down one of the alleys, and pausing occasionally to watch the equestrians, is a tall stalwart figure. He is looking very grave and a little worn, and the bearded lips are set firmly together as he walks quietly along, scanning the horses and their riders, but keeping himself a little in the background, as if he feared recognition from some of them.

Suddenly the quiet calm of his face alters, and the dark eyes glow and brighten, although he turns pale, as a young lady, riding a pretty chestnut mare, accompanied by a handsome, aristocratic looking man, comes slowly along, walking her horse, and absorbed in conversation.

The girl is very beautiful, more so than is often seen, even in the Ladies' Mile; and the devotion of look and tone of the gentleman with her is hardly to be wondered at. They are talking earnest, and the girl's face is looking bright and eager, as if the topic of conversation interested her greatly.

"Who is the man with *la belle* Barclay?" says one man to his companion within earshot of Dick, who pauses to hear the answer.

"Don't you know? Not to know him argues yourself unknown," answers his friend, laughing. "Lord George Clowes; he'll be Earl of Fordstree one of these days, and Miss Barclay will be Countess, to all appearance."

"Lucky fellow! What a beautiful creature she is, and so sweet and simple in her manners! A chat with her in the ball-room is just as good as a breath of fresh air," says the first speaker enthusiastically. "What sort of fellow is he, Meriad?"

"Who? Lord George? Good fellow enough, I believe—very strong on Reform Bills, ragged schools, etc. Look—here is Lady Mary Goodwood. Is not her style perfection?"

And the speakers stroll leisurely on, and Dick Beresford follows their example, thinking of the words he has overheard.

He has come up to London, moved by an irresistible desire to see Marjory again—not to let her know that he is in town—Dick is too loyal and true to Sir George for that—but to see whether she is happy and well, and to ascertain why her letters to Penfern have been so few during the last six months—so few that it seems to Richard Beresford that an almost entire cessation of them would have been kinder.

He has been in London some days now, and, himself unobserved, he has seen Marjy often at various times and places—riding, as now, with Lord Clowes and her father, for the Baronet invariably escorts his daughter, although he usually meets with an acquaintance who joins him, and they ride in front or behind the other two, as the case may be, in the afternoon, driving with Lady Barclay in her fashionable victoria, drawn by a pair of high stepping horses, her coquettish riding-hat replaced by one of Elise's prettiest triumphs in millinery; at the opera, with pearls in her hair and round her white throat; at private parties—for Dick had the *entree* to many an aristocratic *salon;* and the fair face has always been bright and sunny; and often—oh, how often!—near it is that other face, the face of the man with the smiling eyes and graceful, high-bred presence, who looks worthy of her.

If the certainty of evil be better than suspense, then has Dick Beresford gained something by his visit to London; but, if the shadow of a hope be better than perfect hopelessness, then has he gained nothing. And Dick has never known, until now that he is giving it up, how deeply rooted has been his love and faith. He had told himself hundreds of times that it was but natural that she should forget him; but to be convinced that she had done so brought a very keen pang which has become a numb aching pain now.

He does not blame her; not one thought of anger enters his heart against her. Nay, even through his own pain he can rejoice to think she has chosen so wisely; for on all sides he hears golden opinions of Lord Clowes; and, as he turns out of the park and leaves behind him the gay riders and the sunshine, he is thinking very tender thoughts of Marjory Barclay, far more tender than she deserves if it be true that she has favored his lordship's suit.

"Heaven bless them both!" says Dick softly, from the depths of his great honest aching heart. "May she be very happy—my pretty child!"

"Why, Dick, old fellow! Who expected to see you here?"

Dick looks up with a sudden start; but an expression of relief crosses his face when he sees who the speaker is.

"Charlie!" he says quietly, and a pair of hands clasp each other closely for a moment.

"How long have you been in town? Why have you not been to see us? Belle will never forgive you for not coming to us. Where are you staying? At the Barclays'?"

"No," answers Dick quietly; "I am staying at the Norfolk. The Barclays don't even know I am in town. I came up on business."

"Unpleasant business, I fear," says Charlie Alford. "You look anything but well, Dick."

"London does not agree with me as well as Penfern," laughs Dick. "I want you not to tell the Barclays you have seen me, Charlie. I return home to-morrow."

"Not tell the Barclays!" says Charlie Alford, in astonishment. 'Do you mean to say that they do not know that you are in town?"

"They do not, and——" begins Dick, quietly; but Mr. Alford again interrupts him.

"Marjory will be sadly vexed, Dick. It is not fair not to go and see them. Believe me, whatever her ties and duties may be now, she has not forgotten Penfern, and thinks of you and Mr. Beresford with all the old affection."

Dick smiles sadly.

"Whatever her ties"—ah, what were they? There was not much in common between the dreary old Manor-house and its inmates and the beautiful Miss Barclay, the belle of the season; but she thinks of them still. Grateful Marjory, she will always think of them, but not as Dick thinks of her.

"Marjory will not know that I am in town, or that I have been here, unless you tell her, Alford," he says quietly. "I came up, as I told you, on business, and the business is not of a very gay description. I did not feel fit for any one's society but my own; and, though of course I should have liked a chat with the child, I did not want to distress her with a sight of my long face. However, as she will not know that I have been in town, she cannot be vexed; and, Charlie, if you are the friend I take you for and you have always proved yourself, you will say nothing about it."

"Of course not, as you do not wish it. But you will dine with us to-night?" urged Charlie. Come home with me now and see Belle. "You're looking regularly done up, Dick. Do come. We are alone to-day, I believe."

Dick's heart is so sore that his friend's cordial sympathy is pleasant; and a few minutes' walk brings them to the latter's town house; and Mrs. Alford, in her pretty drawing-room, playing with her little son, looks up delighted at their unexpected guest.

"How awfully ill he looks, Charlie!" she says to her husband later in the day when they are alone. "How can a few months have changed him so? Why, I believe his hair is turning gray!"

Mrs. Alford is in her husband's dressing-room when she makes this remark; and Charlie looks up suddenly into her fair face as she stands beside him in her pretty dinner-dress of silk and lace, with an expression of earnest concern in her blue eyes and a quiver of the red lips. Belle Alford has a very warm heart under her fashionable exterior, and her husband's friend has a very warm corner in that heart.

"Have you any idea why he has come up to town, Charlie?" she goes on. "It cannot be anything about money, for no pecuniary losses would hardly make him look so miserable."

"I think not," said her husband meditatively. "Dick Beresford is not a man to fret over that; his father is well. I cannot think, unless——"

"Unless what?" she says, as her husband rises and prepares to go downstairs. "I can only think that he must be ill. Do not you think he looks so, Charlie?"

"Yes, I think he looks very ill, dear," he answers. "But it is not that I mean, Belle. Has it ever struck you—women are quick to notice these things—that Dick loves Marjory Barclay?"

"Oh, Charlie!" And Mrs. Alford clasps her hands on her husband's arm, growing very pale at the thought. "Oh, Charlie!" she repeats in a moment. "Is that why he was so quiet and said so little, when we spoke of her and Lord George?"

"Hang Lord George!" exclaims Charlie vehemently. "Dick Beresford is worth ten of him!"

"But I am afraid Marjory cares for Lord George," says Belle regretfully. "Dick is such an old friend, she always looked up to him as an elder brother."

"The more she knew Dick, the more she would be likely to love him," Charlie asserts staunchly. "You don't know how good and true he is, Belle. Besides, he saved her life, and she owes him so much, anyhow."

"But she may not have fallen in love with him, Charlie—and I fear she cares for this other man. Sir George Barclay, too, is very anxious that she should marry him."

"True," answers Charlie, regretfully, "and, as you say, my dearest, I think she does care for Lord George Clowes. Poor Dick!"

"Poor Dick!" echoes Mrs. Alford, with a smile, and they turn to go down together. Suddenly, as her husband's hand touches the handle of the door, Belle pauses. "But, Charlie!" she exclaims; with such evident consternation that her husband looks at her in surprise.

"What is it, Belle?"

"Something very unpleasant, Charlie! You know that to-night is the night of Lady Fordstree's ball, and Marjory promised to come in on her way there and show us her dress!"

"Did she!" And Charlie gives a quiet whistle. "We must tell Dick, of course. I wish she were not coming, Belle; it must hurt him to see her, if our supposition is true. You must let him know in some way or other, Belle."

Belle sighs as she goes down, and then, during dinner, as unconcernedly as she can, and very intent on her strawberries to hide her confusion, Mrs. Alford does make the announcement, and Charlie, watching Dick, sees a sudden passionate gleam light up his dark eyes. There is a short silence, and then he says quietly:

"I should like to see the child immensely. Could you do so without letting her know, Mrs. Alford?"

"Nothing more easy," answers Belle, trying to speak lightly; but her lip will quiver, in spite of all her efforts; "she is only coming to show me her dress, and will stay but a few minutes. When she comes, go into the inner room and you will see her distinctly."

And so, when the footman's imperative knock and ring announce that Marjory has arrived, Dick goes quietly into the inner drawing-room, which is unlighted and secure. There in the darkness he watches the other door open and Marjory come in.

She is dressed in white, with exquisite Indian ornaments of rich gold; long shimmering folds of silk fall around her, and there is soft lace about her white shoulders, and one deep red rose in her golden hair. She looks wondrously beautiful as she comes in, fan in hand, and greets Mrs. Alford gaily.

"Stand and admire!" she says merrily. "But you must not keep me, Belle, for you know mamma does not like waiting. Well, do you like me? Am I very pretty to-night?"

"Charming! What an exquisite dress, Daisy! I hope that you will enjoy the ball, dear."

"Of course I shall enjoy it; but I am getting rather tired of so much dissipation. Julia will soon be coming out, however, and then I shall get a little more repose."

"And rest on your laurels?" laughs Mrs. Alford.

"My laurels will have withered by then," she answers lightly. "Good-night, dear Belle. Good-night Mr Alford. I am afraid you don't quite approve of me! What is it? My toilet? It is perfect, nevertheless!"

"And so are you," he answers, smiling. "I was only thinking."

"Thinking! Of what?"

"Of 'auld lang syne.'"

A sudden shade steals over the radiant face, and the sweet lips quiver for a moment; then she laughs a little silvery rippling laugh, gathers up her shimmering silken draperies, and goes down with Charles Alford to the carriage, while Dick comes quietly from his place of concealment, looking ghastly pale, but calm and quiet as usual.

There is a short silence, broken at length by Charles Alford's return from putting Marjory into the carriage; and the conversation is resumed where it had been interrupted by her entrance, and then Dick takes his leave; and when he is gone Belle Alford bursts into a passion of tears.

"Oh, Charlie! Poor fellow, how miserable he looks! I think, if she knew, she would go back to him."

"She has other ties, other duties, now, wife," says Charlie as he soothes her. "He will bear his burden bravely, heavy as it is; and, Belle, we must try to lighten it for him when we return to Cornwall."

"How can we?" sobs his wife. "Oh, Charlie, I wish I had not let him see her to-night; she looked so lovely. And when you spoke of 'auld lang syne,' do you remember, she laughed? Poor Dick!"

"Poor Dick!"

CHAPTER VII.

WHEN Mr. and Mrs. Alford returned to the Hall in September, they found the young Squire, as Dick was called, sadly changed, and looking haggard,

worn, and ill. His manner however was much the same, except that it had lost its old cheeriness, and was quieter.

Prepared as Charlie Alford and his wife were for this change in him, they regretted it none the less, and the former was most assiduous in his endeavors to lift the shadow which had settled so heavily on Dick's brow. He tried to interest him in many ways, asked his assistance in his farming operations, consulted him about his horses and dogs, and endeavored by every means in his power to make him forget Marjory.

Belle, too, did her best to brighten him up; she invaded Peniera at all times, and brought with her the light of her sweet gracious smile and the music of her gay voice. The child came with her and added his pretty prattle to his mother's gay conversation and chatter of town life and the various *on dits* which amused Robert Beresford. The old man was very feeble now, and he loved his son too dearly not to see and feel keenly the change in him, although Dick did his best to dissemble, and when he was with his father affected a cheerfulness he was very far from feeling.

"I am not much of a companion now," said Robert sorrowfully one day to Mrs. Alford, laying his hand gently on her little boy's curly hair as he stood at his knee, with his innocent wondering eyes lifted to the kind old face; "I wish Dick had some one brighter. But he will be terribly lonely when I am gone. Come to him as often as you can, my child, and Heaven bless you and Charlie for your kindness to the old man."

Belle Alford went home with a vague foreboding of evil; she felt as if there had been a long farewell in the old kindly, trembling voice, and the light touch of the wrinkled, tremulous hand on her child's head; and the next day she remembered the words and the presentment when the news came to her that the old Squire was dead.

He was unusually cheerful all that evening, and sat up later than was his custom, chatting to Dick over the fire in the old parlor; but, when his son assisted him to bed, something in his father's face and manner made him unwilling to leave him, and he drew up a chair to the bedside after their usual nightly reading, and sat there in silence.

Robert Beresford lay with his eyes closed, his face calm and peaceful with the shadow of some inward peace resting upon it. He did not appear surprised at Dick's remaining in the room; it seemed as if it were perfectly natural to him; and he opened his eyes once to give him a slight smile and grateful glance.

There was a silence, during which Dick thought he was dozing, but the old man spoke suddenly.

"Dick, I want to speak to you," he said, placing his trembling hand on his son's, as it lay by his side.

Dick folded his other hand tenderly over it.

"Say on, dear father—I am listening; but would it not be well to wait till the morning? It may tire you."

"No, we must not wait till the morning," answered Robert Beresford, with a little smile, speaking slowly and distinctly. "It may be too late then; and I should not like to leave you without saying it."

"You must not leave me for a long time yet, father," Dick said, bending over him and trying to speak calmly. "I have only you, you know."

"Only me?" the old man said. "I hoped you would have had a fair young wife by your side to help you to forget me. Will it not be so, Dick?"

"No, father," answered Dick softly.

"Never, Dick?"

"Never, dear father."

There was a moment's silence, during which Robert Beresford's dim eyes scanned his son's face.

"I want you to tell me what you saw or heard in London'" he said then—"what you saw or heard which has made you think our Daisy faithless, Dick."

Dick hesitated.

"I know you saw her, my boy," continued the dying man. "Did you speak with her, Dick?"

"No," answered his son in a low voice. "But, father, do not talk of her now. Are you feeling worse to night? Let me send for Meadows?"

"It would be of no use, Dick," was the answer, giving him a faint smile. "I am going home—to your mother and the little one; but I wish Marjory had come home to you first."

"She will never do that, father," Dick answered with a choked-back sob.

"And why not? You will tell me, Dick?"

Thus urged, Richard Beresford proceeded to tell his father what he had heard and seen in London. He told the story very simply, speaking of the high encomiums he had heard passed on Lord George, and not even hinting at blame of Marjory.

"She was so young; she had seen nothing of the world, father. She must not be blamed for mistaking her feeling for me for love. He is worthy even of our darling, father; and she has lost none of her sweetness and purity from her contact with the great world and its temptations."

"I am glad of that," Robert said smiling. "I like to think of her as our Marjory. Dick, I believe firmly that she will come back to you. Ah, I know what you would say! You love her, and are just a little jealous, Dick! The child will come home to you, never fear."

Richard Beresford shook his head with a sad little smile; but his father went on.

"Do you remember when you brought her in to me first, Dick," he said, musing over the "auld lang syne"—"such a tiny golden haired little fairy, with her blue wondering eyes? She never took to any one as she did to you—you called her your 'treasure trove.' Do you remember?"

"Yes, father, I have not forgotten."

"And afterwards, as a bright merry child, then as our sweet girl-woman Marjory, she always loved you best. Nothing to please you was a trouble to her; and one word from you was enough. I recollect how, when you were out, she would sit for hours under the little porch, leaning her golden head against the ivy, waiting for you; and then, with such a little cry of gladness, 'Here he is!' she would fly to meet you."

"That was long ago, father," said Dick, trying to smile, but with a very sad face for all his efforts.

"Love such as hers and yours is not measured by time, Dick," answered the old man earnestly. "You are not judging her fairly. Surely you cannot have forgotten that day she left? I thought it would have killed her. It almost broke your heart to let her go, Dick—I know that; but if you had seen the child's face when she came to me, you would have seen that she suffered in like measure."

He paused, as if to gain strength, and in a minute resumed in fainter tones. "'You will not let him forget me?" she said, when she bade me good-bye. "I am so unworthy of him, father; don't let him forget me!'"

Dick's head was bowed now, and his face very tender and softened; but the sadness was there still.

"I have not forgotten, dear father," he said gently. "The child loved us both dearly; but the man she loves now is younger, gayer, brighter, more fitted for her than I am—than I ever was."

"She loves you—she loves you, Dick," the old man insisted, in his weak voice. "I know she will come to the Manor; and I like, now that I am going, to think that she will be here again soon. Tell her how I trusted her and rejoiced, lad; and, trust me, she will come back to you, Dick."

He turned his face slightly from his son and closed his eyes.

"I think I can sleep now," he said feebly. "Good night, my son—the best son in——"

"Oh, hush, father," interrupted Dick brokenly, "if you love me!"

"I love you," came the faint tired answer; "but I am very weary, Dick. Mine has been a long life, my lad; and, light though my burden has been, I am glad to lay it down with my sins at the foot of my Saviour's cross. Dick—good-night!"

"Good-night, father."

There was a long close pressure of the hand as the old man sank to sleep, breathing faintly and regularly; and in that sleep he passed away. His son, sitting by his side, clasping the feeble hand, never knew when that hand first grew icy cold in his, nor the precise moment when the respiration ceased. With the dark eyes fixed intently on his father's face, he sat, silent and motionless, until there came a sudden change in the beloved countenance; a light, as if of relief from a burden laid down and sins removed, came over it, a happy smile played for a moment round his lips, and settled there as his spirit passed away; and Dick Beresford fell upon his knees by the bedside and hid his face in his hands, with a thanksgiving for the beautiful close of the long kindly life, and a prayer, a heartfelt prayer, for help and strength to bear his loneliness patiently. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

CURIOSITIES OF COSTUME.—Queen Elizabeth was the first person in England who wore silk hose; cloth being then the general wear amongst the aristocracy, although Harry the Eighth comforted his calves in a pair of worsted hose, then first introduced at Court and adopted by many of the nobles. Hosen were at one time all the fashion, motley in color, the legs being different in hue; coats, jackets, and doubtlets also being motley. Old John of Gaunt, "Time-honored Lancaster," wore a dress of this sort, bearing on one side the color of the Lancastrian rose, and on the other that of York. This motley wear endured for about two hundred years; it was then abandoned in favor of the fools, "the motley fools," whose quaint sayings served to enliven the feast. Shoes and boots, although most indispensable parts of our costume in the present times, and indeed for many generations back, were perhaps the last articles of dress adopted by man. In remote times we believe that armies fought and marched barefoot; but in our own more civilized age, the want of a few pairs of shoes might cause the failure of an expedition. Nevertheless, many of the English Peninsular battles were fought, followed, and won, by the indefatigable infantry under Wellington, with bare and bleeding feet.

Ellen's Trial.

BY A. O. S.

MY CHILDREN, if you would lead happy, peaceful lives, you must crucify self. Do noble things, not dream them. Has any one injured you? Be brave: forgive as you are forgiven. And, now, may Heaven's peace rest upon you."

The sermon was ended. I had been in a sort of dream during most of it, but the earnestness with which the white haired minister closed his remarks had brought back my wandering thoughts. I meditated upon it all the way home.

"If we would lead happy, peaceful lives;" that was what I wanted. I could hardly remember the time I had been happy, certainly not since I had been married, only six months, but it seemed like so many years.

I had been a gay, careless girl. Losing my mother before I was old enough to realize my loss, I had had my own way in everything. Being rather good looking, with plenty of money, as a matter of course admirers were numerous

I could never tell exactly why I had married my husband, without it was because I did everything by contraries; for he was one of those cold, calm men one can know so little about. I was very much surprised when he asked me to marry him. He had paid me but little attention, and I thought rather disliked, than liked, me

I told him I did not love him, but that I did not care for any one else.

He said he admired me for my candor, and would wait a week for his answer.

When I asked my father what I should do; he said:

"Suit yourself, my darling; only, if you could love this man, I should feel safe about your future."

I knew Herbert Morrison was the soul of honor; so, when the week was up, I gave "yes" for an answer.

Our engagement was very unromantic; he only kissed me once on my forehead, and said he was very glad. He seemed anxious to be married soon, and as there was nothing to prevent it, in a month I was his wife.

We went at once to his own house, and I am sure everything possible was tried to make me happy.

For awhile I was contented, but at last the monotony wearied me. It was so different from my past life; besides, I did not feel acquainted with my husband. He was kind and gentlemanly always, but so indifferent, it seemed to me

At last I grew reckless. I would have a change. I was determined to find whether he had a heart. So I filled the house with company. I flirted recklessly, right before his eyes, with my old admirers

But it was all in vain: he was a little more quiet: that was all. I knew I was doing wrong, but some way I did not care.

"Anything," I said to myself, "was better than a dead calm. I would show him that others prized what he cared so little about."

But all this had come to an end now; for the night before, when I handed Leonard Emerson, the most persistent of my old lovers, his hat, he leaned over and kissed me.

I was never more surprised or angry in my life. What had I done that he would dare to touch me? I did not even like him, excepting that he was intelligent and pleasant company. But before I had time to collect my senses, he was gone.

I turned to go to my room. I must be alone a moment before I went back to the company. There, in the doorway, stood my husband. He had seen it all. Such a mournful, heart-broken look as he gave me. I pray I may never see again. In a moment he too was gone. I followed him. I felt that I must explain.

I followed him directly to the library. The door was not locked; so I opened it softly, and there beheld my husband, with his head on the table, sobbing like a child. Such agony I never witnessed. I closed the door. I could not intrude upon such grief.

After a moment I knocked. When I entered, he had composed himself somewhat; but his voice trembled as he asked me to be seated.

I think he was surprised to see me; but when I commenced to explain he put out his hand as if to keep me away.

"No, no, Ellen," he said. "I cannot hear it to-night. I know what you what you would say; but not to-night—not to-night."

There was nothing for me to do but to creep up to my room as best I could. I determined to go away where he would never be troubled with me again. But how could I leave him? For, with the rest of my difficulties, I could never love any one else.

Such a night as I spent, I did not close my eyes in sleep for a moment, and such a miserable day followed.

In the afternoon I wandered out, I did not care where. I don't know what attracted me into this church, unless it was because I was tired, and it was a place where I could rest. But I was glad I had come.

"If we would lead happy, peaceful lives, we must crucify self."

Had I done that? I feared not; but there was still time. I would go home, and, if possible, explain everything to my husband.

Immediately upon entering the house, I inquired for him, but he had not been seen since twelve o'clock. So all I could do was to wait patiently.

At last the bell rang. I went to the door. I wanted to be the first one to see him. And I was. Four men were carrying what seemed like a dead body.

Need I tell you it was my husband? I did not faint. They told me afterwards that I was very calm. It must have been the calmness of despair, for it seemed as if my heart was broken.

As if in a dream, I heard that a building partly finished, had fallen, and that he, passing by just then, had been almost buried in the ruins.

They thought life was extinct. I would not have it so. And when the doctor came he said I was right; there was life, but he could give no hopes of his recovery.

They tried to have me go away and rest; but I would not. All night I watched him, and I was rewarded, for he moved and sighed. It was only for a moment, but it made me hope.

The next day he was apparently no better, and night found me watching again—there was no sleep for me.

All this time I had not been able to pray. I felt as if I were too wicked; but to night there was nothing else I could do. So I knelt down by his bed, and prayed as I had never prayed before. I begged heaven to let him live. I confessed how bad I had been, but that I had loved him. In my earnestness, I did not know I was praying aloud. At last I arose, comforted.

"Ellen," said a faint voice from the bed, "is that true? Do you love me?"

I could only sob out, "With all my heart, dearest."

He wanted to talk, but I knew it would not do. In a little while he slept again.

As soon as he was able, he explained it all to me. He had loved me from the first, but dare not hope I would return it. When I promised to marry him, he had thought I could not resist so much love as he should give me, but must love him in return. But when I seemed to grow more indifferent instead, he had almost despaired. And that last night, when he had seen Leonard Emerson kiss me, he had thought that while I was bound to him by law, Leonard held my heart; and that was what he thought I meant to say to him that night, and it seemed to him he could not hear it then. He had intended to arrange everything for my comfort, and then meant to leave me free.

"Only these unfortunate bruises, darling, prevented my doing so."

I stopped his words with kisses.

"Unfortunate! The most fortunate thing that ever happened," I said.

Oh, those long blissful days when he was recovered! I, who had known so little of happiness, felt sometimes as if my heart must burst with joy. The wish of the gray haired minister was fulfilled for us, for heaven's holy peace did rest and abide with us.

LOVE-LETTERS.

THESE words recall blue ribbons, locks of hair, miniatures, and dead roses, and they are as various as the hands that write them, and the eyes they are intended to bless. Sometimes they carry balm; sometimes bear disguised poison. They may be traced in honest truth and fealty by a rough red hand, that has no grace to lend the misshapen letters, save the beauty of true love in rough disguise; and then a soft white bit of symmetry may hide a lie in glowing tenderness, and send it like an asp to hide in a rose's heart, to carry death in some believing breast. Some, yellowed by years, and rendered absurd by altered circumstances, or brought out of forgotten nooks to fill the evening hour with laughter at their pollysyllabled vows and verbose adjectives; and others never see the light, except in tearful eyes, or feel a touch, except a passionate pressure to a faded breast that claims no other idol.

Love-letters! There are women whom the world calls single, who are as truly wedded to a tear-stained package as if it really were the being that it represents to them—who live in the old sweet time these missives once belonged to, and who keep their hearts apart from the dull reality that makes up their present world. Years may have passed, and nothing may have remained the same, save the dear dream that never knew reality; yet held in their love life by their fragile paper bond, they dwell in that fair unsubstantial spring-time, while autumn fades, and winter cold and heavy, reigns abroad in all the world.

We pity dreamers and their moonshine pictures, their bits of memories and memento, their love-words, written or recalled as spoken, and faces whose limning fades as the real one has faded long ago under the coffin lid. And yet such trifles are heart treasures, as sure as gold and silver are riches to the purse; and as long as there is a world of the present nature, so long shall old love letters find hoarders and prizers. S. M.

A child eighteen months old was recently stung to death by bees in California.

DREAM ON.

BY ALICE L. MCALILLY.

O hours that flit on gilded wings,
Have ye no power to stay
Time's mighty wheel, which crushes out
The joy of life's short day?

Oh! heaven too soon the eyes can tell
The gold and dross apart;
And penetrate beneath the mask
That hides the hollow heart.

Then let the youthful heart dream on—
Check not its hopeful throbs;
The future holds enough of pain,
And age life's beauty robs.

And let the airy castles gleam
Upon th' enchanted eye;
Praying that while the world is fair,
The trusting life may die.

Nay! chide me not—'twere better so,
For when the dream has fled,
The rosy bloom and golden light
Of life's best hope is dead.

And hold—oh hold, bright joyous hours,
That the lips thy full sweetness may sip;
And roll, swiftly roll, years with bitterness filled,
For thy cup yields but gall to the lip.

The Night Pursuit.

BY MATTIE GREY.

THE night lowered dark and stormy around the lonely island of Sarbroo, in the South Pacific Ocean.

About two hundred yards from the beach, in a little log house, sat an old missionary—the Rev. John Sturges, with his only daughter, Laura, who had accompanied her father to this distant shore, that she might be near to comfort him, and administer to his wants.

A lovelier girl than Laura seldom greeted mortal vision.

At the moment of which we write, she sat upon a little stool at her father's feet, her bright head resting upon his knee, and a satisfied smile hovering about her pretty mouth, as she felt the caressing touch of her parent's hand.

"Laura," said he, after awhile, "do you never feel tired of living so far away out here with me in the Pacific Ocean?"

"Tired? Oh, no, papa—indeed."

"Alas! I feel that it is selfish of me to keep you here. Tell me, darling, do you not sometimes think of Charles Graham?"

A vivid blush came upon Laura's cheek; her bosom heaved.

"Oh, never mind, papa," she said, softly.

"That means that you do think of him!"

"I will not deny it," she answered, gently, burying her face upon his bosom. "But Charles, you know, has promised to wait for me; so I am satisfied."

Mr. Sturges smiled.

"It is most time that his ship arrived off this place. You know he said he would touch here, on his way home."

"Yes—he said so, when we parted from him," she answered, her bright eyes gleaming with joy.

"I hope he will come soon," said Mr. Sturges, a shadow crossing his brow.

Laura looked at him earnestly.

"Papa," she said, at length, "do you not think that your fears of a rising among the savages are groundless?"

"No, dearest, I do not. That fellow, Henry Weedon, I am afraid, is doing great mischief here."

The person to whom he alluded was a dark-browed man—a boatswain's mate, who had deserted a vessel, which, several months previously, had touched here to take in a supply of water.

Weedon had called frequently on Mr. Sturges, and had been particularly attentive to Laura, who, however, by every means in her power, had shown him such attentions were to her far from agreeable. The boatman's mate, however, who was a coarse, conceited man, had continued his unwelcome visits, and finally had even had the audacity to propose to Mr. Sturges for Laura's hand, in the presence of the young girl herself.

Both father and daughter had then given him to understand that his company was no longer desired; and he had gone away with an aspect of countenance which had made Laura fairly shudder—it was so demoniacal—so full of bitter hatred.

Since then he had not again intruded—had shunned both whenever they chanced to meet him in their walks, and the behavior of the natives, who had hitherto been friendly to them, also seemed to change.

"If so," said Laura, in answer to her father's last remark, "if the islanders are really turning against us, had we not better quit the island?"

"That is what I have been thinking of. I feel that delay is dangerous in this case."

"Yes, papa. These people have fearful passions, when once they are aroused, in spite of all your teachings, and I shudder to think what might be the result of our staying here. Good heaven!" she suddenly added, drawing back. "Oh, papa, somebody's at the window!"

Mr. Sturges glanced toward the window just in time to see the hideous face of a savage, which had been pressed against the pane, hastily withdrawn. He rose, and moved to the door, which he quickly opened, peering out into the gloom.

At first, he could see nothing; but he finally made out a number of dark forms gathered together on the beach, apparently holding council. Through the gloom he could faintly distinguish, in the phosphoric light from the white waves, a number of long spears and heavy war clubs carried by the party.

"Laura," he whispered, quickly returning, "we must fly!"

The young girl turned pale as death.

"Keep up a brave heart, Laura. Heaven will help us!" She caught the gleam of his benignant eye, and her spirit seemed nerved with almost superhuman resolution. In a moment she had thrown on her bonnet and shawl, and was at the side of her father, who had donned his hat and coat. He cast a wistful eye at his books in a rude book-case in the corner; but there was no chance or time to take them away with him.

Even as he moved towards the back door with his child, a savage yell broke forth, and the tramp of approaching feet was heard. He rushed out with Laura; at the same moment, something whistling past his head proclaimed that he had been seen. It was a spear, which, just grazing the side of his hat, lodged in the trunk of a broad fruit tree beyond.

The missionary hurried along until he reached a thick clump of shrubbery growing by the side of the path; and then, with his child, he ensconced himself therein. The tramp of feet drew nearer; but, thanks to the darkness, the fugitives had not been seen to hide themselves; and soon the natives, believing that they had kept hastening on, rushed past them.

"Heaven is helping us," whispered Mr. Sturges to his child. "We must remain quiet a few moments longer; then, we will endeavor to get to the beach unobserved."

They remained motionless, hardly daring to breathe, until they felt sure the savages had gone some distance, when they emerged and made for the beach at a spot where, in a small cave, Mr Sturges kept his own little canoe. Just as they launched the frail vessel, another yell proclaimed that they were again seen; and through the darkness they could dimly perceive the forms of the natives as they came on.

"Quick, my child!" cried Mr. Sturges, as he helped his daughter into the canoe: "we must paddle out to sea, and may heaven keep our canoe from swamping in this storm!"

The fury of the storm seemed on the increase. The sea rose higher, and the water at times almost engulfed the canoe, filling it.

Mr. Sturges, however, by rapid and expert bailing, still contrived to keep the little vessel afloat.

"What is that?" Laura suddenly inquired, pointing towards something dark astern of them, and apparently rapidly gaining.

"A canoe!" exclaimed her father, "a large canoe; the savages are in pursuit!"

"It is all over with us, then," gasped Laura.

At that moment, from a sudden opening in the dark clouds, the moon burst forth, throwing a broad glare of silver light athwart the waters. Mr. Sturges then discovered that the large canoe, which was full of natives, was indeed rapidly gaining upon them.

The fugitives were now paddling on a course diagonal with the shore, and which carried them toward a high, rocky promontory, jutting out into the sea from the southern extremity of the island. As they drew near this promontory, the face of the missionary lighted up with hope: for he had, not long since, discovered there an undersea cavern, of the existence of which he believed the savages knew nothing—the opening to this retreat being concealed by a rock, overgrown with thick masses of sea-weed.

Soon, however, he perceived that he must be overtaken ere he could reach the place. All further exertions were useless. There was the natives' canoe less than ten fathoms distant, speeding along toward the smaller one like an arrow. In this extremity Mr. Sturges resolved to resort to prayer.

He threw himself upon his knees in the canoe, and prayed, if it so pleased Him to take the petitioner, but to spare his lovely child. Meanwhile, poor Laura, who had also stopped paddling, was praying that her father might be saved, even though she were destroyed.

Mr. Sturges concluded his prayer. Now he stood upright in the boat, gazing towards his enemies as they came on.

Thus gazing he did not observe a stately ship, which suddenly came looming round the promontory under reefed topsails. The suddenness of this vision, hitherto concealed by the high land, was not without its effect upon the natives, all of whom now stopped paddling, and looked towards the strange craft.

"Go ahead," screamed the evil voice of Weedon who was among them. "Never mind the ship, but first get those runaways in your clutches."

The natives again took to their paddles. On came the canoe; and in a few minutes it must reach the fugitives. Mr. Sturges and his daughter now beheld the strange ship, which, not distant further than a quarter of a mile, was booming along straight towards them.

"If we can only reach that vessel," he said to his daughter. "Quick Laura! paddles again!"

With superhuman strength they paddled towards the ship; Mr. Sturges now and then shouting and pausing to wave an arm to her. Finally, overpowered by their exertions, father and daughter were obliged to pause. Their pursuers were close upon them—so was the ship.

"Help! help!" screamed the missionary, springing up. "We are pursued by savages."

His shrill voice was evidently heard, for the ship was now directed straight towards the savages' boat, which is soon struck, dashing it to pieces and passing over it, killing Henry Weedon outright, and leaving the other occupants striking out for shore.

Mr. Sturges and his daughter were then picked up, to meet with an agreeable surprise, to discover in the captain of his vessel Laura's lover—Charles Graham.

"My prayer has been answered," said Sturges, solemnly, as he embraced his weeping, blushing daughter.

We have to add that they had a safe and speedy passage home, and that Laura, soon after, was united to Captain Graham.

Mr. Sturges found a comfortable home with them during the remainder of his life.

SINGULAR STRATAGEMS.

UNDUE prepossession against or in favor of some object is as much to be guarded against as any other irrational prejudice. It is not uncommon to hear people reply when some particular dish is offered to them, "Thank you, I have never eaten any, and nothing could persuade me to touch it." Such a prepossession scarcely would be pardonable in women or children.

An anecdote is related in the life of Talma, which has formed the subject of a drama.

A poor strolling player, universally rejected, arrived, at his wits' end, in a city where the illustrious actor was expected. A bright idea flashed across his mind to personate Talma; as whom he accordingly announced himself. The authorities of the town hastened to offer him their homage. The theatre was crowded, and all the world enraptured with his performance. In the midst of his popularity, the real Talma arrived; but foreseeing that a prepossession once established in favor of the imitator was not likely to be easily reversed, departed without making himself known. The chances were that he might have been hissed.

With regard to literary predilections, the works of an unknown author, however meritorious, often lie mildewed on the shelf, while some trash, protected by a favorite name, becomes popular. The admirable leading articles of Benjamin Constant produced no effect till he signed them with his well known name, when their merit was instantly recognised. When Michael Angelo first exhibited the productions of his chisel, they were treated as far inferior to the sculptures of the ancient world. In the seclusion of his studio, and unknown to any one, he accordingly set to work on a statue of Cupid, of which he broke off the arm, and concealed the mutilated statue in the midst of the excavations making by the Pope. When the statue was discovered, all Rome fell into ecstacies, pronouncing it to be the work of Phidias or Praxiteles. Michael Angelo immediately produced the mutilated arm, and his former critics became rebuked into silence.

Teniers also exposed the unjust prejudices of his countrymen, who underrating his paintings, they sold far short of their value. Having previously published a report of his death and burial, he instructed his wife to assume widow's weeds, and after a certain time, to announce the sale of the paintings of her deceased husband. The stratagem succeeded, his very detractors enhancing the value of his works. Teniers afterwards returned to his native country, and resumed his labors, which were never afterwards disparaged.

The famous physician Portal turned to good account the prejudices that prevails in Paris in favor of fashion. Established in the capital, he was sometime without obtaining practice. At length, he devoted all his means to the purchase of a beautiful equipage, and sent it every day to stand before doors of illustrious patients. Of course the numerous inquirers after the invalid could not fail to remark the beautiful equipage of his physician in every quarter of the town; and the marchioness immediately determined to try the physician of the duchess, and *vice versa*, till, in a short time, Portal received applications from all quarters, calling in his advice to the noblest sufferers. Thus he founded a reputation to which he subsequently proved himself entitled.

Three large wagons are being constructed at Chicago, to be used in the mountains of Colorado. The back wheels are six feet three inches in diameter and the tire five inches wide. The wagons, including box, are nine feet high. They are each to be drawn by twenty yoke of oxen and are capable of carrying ten tons each.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

NAMES OF FABRICS:—Gingham owes its name to Guingamp, in Brittany; tulle to a city in the South of France; gauze to Gaza, in Palestine; muslin to Mossoul, in Asia Minor; and mohair is so called because it was also originally made in Asia Minor from a the hair of a goat called "Mo."

SPANISH GRIEF:—A luxury of grief in Spain consists in shutting up the houses where a death has taken place and never suffering it to be opened again. There is a beautiful house and wide gardens thus abandoned in one of the most fashionable streets of Madrid. The wife of a certain Duke had died there many years before. The Duke lived in Paris, leading a lively life, but he would never sell or let that Madrid home.

THE LILY:—The lily is expressed by the term Shushan in Hebrew, which denotes light, and is said to have its name from the property it possesses of reflecting light. One of the capital cities in Persia is named Shushan, from the abundance of lilies of a beautiful kind which grow in its neighborhood. They were common in Judea, and grew there in the open fields; hence the allusion to them in the passage, "And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the fields."

NATURAL COMPASS:—It is a well-known fact that in the vast prairies of Texas a little plant is always to be found which, under all circumstances of climate, change of weather, rain, frost, or sunshine; invariably turns its leaves and flowers to the north. If a solitary traveller were making his way across those traceless wilds, without a star to guide or compass to direct him, he finds an unerring monitor in an humble plant, and he follows its guidance, certain that it will not mislead him.

COWARDICE:—The great Nelson could never take a gate while hunting with any degree of pleasure, and it is said that the late Duke of Wellington could never endure the sight of an ordinary fish hook. We all have our shapes of cowardice. Madame Roland, who faced death so fearlessly, was terrified by the sight of a spider; and Sir Walter Raleigh, who felt the edge of the axe that was to take off his head, and who could say of it that "twas a sharp medicine, but a sure one, could never look down from a great height.

THE BREAD OF RECONCILIATION:—"Eating the bread of reconciliation" is one of the most pleasing customs of Switzerland, and is more particularly common in the Grisons. When two neighbors fall out their mutual friends contrive to bring them together in the same houses and then to prevail on them to sit down with the company to eat bread at the same table. If they succeed, which is generally the case, rancour and animosity cease—the persons at variance break and eat the same bread, and they afterwards are usually better friends than before.

STRANGE MARRIAGE CUSTOM:—The Wagaris, of India, are distinguished for truthfulness, and apparently great kindness for the weaker sex. A woman of the Wagari tribe, it is said, is not required to labor, and she possesses, moreover, the curious right, by long established usage, of choosing a man for her husband. The choice is exercised by her in a novel manner. She sends a hair pin to the man on whom she has set her affections, with the request that he will pin a handkerchief to his cap. Should he reciprocate her attachment he is only too pleased to carry out the wishes, and when doing so names the woman who owns the pin, when she is obliged to marry forthwith.

A DINNER HINT:—Sir Walter Scott used to relate with pride many old tales of one of his ancestors, of the same name, familiarly called Wat of Harden,—Harden being Border peel, perched on the brink of a precipitous bank, from which one may look down into the crows' nests in the deep, dark, narrow glen below. One of the tales was to the effect that when Wat's stock of English beef had become exhausted, his wife used to place upon the dinner-table a dish containing "a pair of clean spurs," a hint to the company that they must bestir themselves for their next dinner. And before night the cattle-stealers were, sure enough, on their way to their neighbors' pastures for the purpose of laying in a fresh stock of beef—without leave.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE:—The philosopher's stone is said to have been discovered by one Nicholas Flammel, a real or pretended alchemist who lived in the 14th century, and without any known means of acquiring money, spent three or four hundred thousand pounds in building churches or endowing hospitals in Paris. Such unparalleled wealth—for by profession he was a miniature painter—leading to public inquiry, he declared his power of converting mercury into gold or silver, and also of prolonging life; and he and his wife lived to one hundred. Various French writers confirm this story, and of the churches and hospitals there is no question. This, and other assertions of a like kind, infatuated chemists for three or four hundred years after; and it is proved by his own MSS., that our Newton and an uncle of his devoted many years to re-discover the secrets of Flammel.

TELL ME.

BY M. C. S.

Tell me thou wilt love me ever,
With a voice too sweet to falter;
Say there's but one power to sever—
None to make thy feeling alter!
Tell me if there be a pleasure,
Aught to make thy young heart lighter;
Say that love's thine only treasure,
Nothing's sweeter, nothing brighter.

All the world can see its splendor,
Lips and hearts are ever meeting;
And bright eyes dart pleasures tender,
But the rapture, oh, how fleeting!
Angels watch the kisses given,
And the heart that love embraces
Feels the holiest touch of Heaven—
All its sweet immortal graces.

Love's fair dreams can never perish;
Hearts that meet no power can sever;
Life hath many hopes to cherish,
And the good is shining ever.
Tell me, Love's the guest of Heaven
Clasping, clinging to each duty,
Unto every mortal given—
Sweetly shrined in perfect beauty.

VERA;

—OR,—

A Guiltless Crime.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CECIL CARLISLE," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—(CONTINUED.)

OH, flatterer, flatterer! cried the lady. "They say that Vivian Devereux had a golden tongue; and surely it was from his French blood he inherited the gift."

"If the golden tongue only speak truth," said Saint Leon, but she interrupted him.

"If? But how often it clothes deceit! And if it lend its aid to beauty and genius, to win the jewel another strives for!"

She stopped with a half laugh. Was she conscious that there was a certain hardness in her tones? Saint Leon was, and filled up the pause.

"Do you speak," he said, looking at her earnestly, "with any knowledge of Vivian Devereux unknown to me? For, as I tell you, I have seen little of him. Forgive me, but your words seemed to enclose more than a merely philosophical commentary on mine, and Vivian was dear to me; yet, if I could believe him guilty of deliberate villainy—— Madame, you have said too much or too little."

"Nay, nay," said Mrs. Gresham-Faulkner, trembling with mingled emotions. Was this brilliant gifted man fascinated by her? He was indeed worth the winning. "Though Vivian Devereux's gallantries—as the cant of fashion calls deceit and profligacy—earned him an evil repute; yet I myself know no fact to bring against him. What was in my mind just now touched one ground of disagreement between himself and his brother."

"You allude to Sir Marmaduke's attentions to Miss Calderon? But how was Devereux of Rougemont to blame for that?"

"He was not to blame perhaps. It was, I suppose, a fair field and no favor; and Miss Calderon must needs listen to Vivian Devereux rather than his brother. You who knew him——But I cannot speak in praise of him to you who are so like him."

"Yet," said the Count slowly, "was Miss Calderon one to turn from solid worth to even wealth of intellect and personal beauty if deformed by moral degradation?"

"Have not women ever done so? Did not Leila—an apt analogy in this case, for you remember that concidence of the ball which indeed fixed the guilt on Devereux of Rougemont—did not Leila turn from Hassan to the Giaour?"

"No," said Saint Leon quietly. "Leila had loved the Giaour when Hassan made her his slave. Do you intend"—how he watched her, yet so covertly that one could not perceive it while he spoke—"to push the analogy so far as to assert that Marmaduke Devereux had a prior claim on the affections of Miss Calderon?"

There was a flash in the woman's eyes—a sharp hard compression of the lips; then, as quick as lightning, came a total change.

"Oh, no!" she said, in that extremely mild and level tone that betrays to a keen intelligence to the very joint in the armor it is designed to conceal. "I confess myself wrong—it is a dangerous experiment to force a parallel. Sir Marmaduke was handsome—all the Devereux were—but he could not in anything, mental or physical, compare with his brother."

"You have left out, madame, the point I touched—is morality."

She laughed a short bitter laugh.

"I said before that I did not believe Sir Marmaduke a saint," she went on—"of course I speak only from hearsay in both cases. No; Vivian at least made no pretence. If he was a Don Juan, he never donned a friar's cowl to cover his peccadilloes. Ah, M. de Saint Leon, it is my belief—I may be wrong, and Vera, whatever her opinion, is ever silent on these matters—that Vivian Devereux, *roue* though he was, was a better man than his brother! You will say," she added a little hurriedly, and after a hardly perceptible pause, "that I am speaking as a woman, for I admit that I have no personal knowledge. Be it so; take the opinion for as much as it is worth, and"—her fingers rested for a moment again on his arm—"forgive me if I have pained you. You have elicited more from me than I would have said; blame for this your own power, not my weakness."

"If an anxious wish be power, and the ready sympathy that meets it weakness, madame," said the sweet voiced diplomatist, who certainly shared his unfortunate cousin's gifts of manner, "then must we divide the burden."

"You disclaim the rest? *Eh bien*," returned Mrs. Gresham Faulkner, "custom forbids women to speak the truth—some truths at least—so my lips are sealed."

"In silence more eloquent than words—for me," said the Count, speaking the first words lightly, the last earnestly.

M. le Comte de Saint Leon was not behindhand in the finest shades that belong to the arts of the gallant; but then he was so like Vivian Devereux! As the words left his lips the door opened, and Vera Calderon came in. Vivian seated beside Adeline Gresham Faulkner, and Adeline fluttered and beaming! The girl's heart sank within her. Adeline was a mere plaything in Vivian's hands; had he any suspicion of her? If he had been toying with her vanity and her ignoble ambition, it was for some end; that end Vera must defeat. All this flashed through the girl's mind in the second that elapsed between the opening of the door and her advance to meet the guests who rose to greet her—but her face revealed nothing.

"My dear Miss Calderon," cried the widow gushingly, "I thought you were never coming—though M. de Saint Leon almost beguiled me into forgetting the flight of time!"

"I ought then; to thank M. de Saint Leon," said Vera; "but of him I must ask pardon. Indeed, monsieur, I am so grieved that I have been obliged to keep you waiting."

"To wait for a lady," said the Count, touching with his lips the hands she held out, "is as spring to summer."

She smiled carelessly; such language was her daily bread; and Mrs. Gresham Faulkner glanced at her to see if she exhibited any sign of pleasure. Her scrutiny was baffled; but with a jealous pang the handsome widow wondered how Rafael de Saint Leon could resist the fascination of Vera's beauty and genius. Vain though she was, she had never dreamed that in Vera's presence her lamp could burn brightly; yet, as she drove homewards, her busy brain was full of schemes, and the striking face of the French diplomatist was in the foreground.

And he said nothing to Vera of his interview with the widow, nothing of any thought he might have of her, and Vera did not question him. Did she shrink from obtaining from his own lips the knowledge that should enable her to baffle him—even though in the end for his sake?

CHAPTER XXXIX.

VERA CALDERON had done more than justice to her faithful friend Aileen Connor, when she had said she was keen witted. Aileen had inherited more than the ordinary share of that bright and ready intelligence which is so characteristic of the natives of the Emerald Isle. This natural gift was quickened by an education superior to that often possessed by women of her rank—for Aileen was above the mere peasantry, her father having been a farmer, who had, at one time, farmed many acres—and she had, in addition, not failed to profit by her constant contact with the brilliant and cultured intellect of her young mistress.

It was therefore nothing strange that, when two days after Saint Leon's arrival in London Aileen received a letter from Vera, she opened it in the hope that it might, in language of which she alone could divine the deeper meaning, throw some light on the thoughts that had perplexed her mind concerning Vivian Devereux; for, like Vera, she had grave doubts as to the truth of the statements that he had died in Spain. In daily scanning the newspapers in the hope of seeing something about Sir Vivian, and the tolerable certainty of meeting with the name of the beautiful Miss Calderon, Aileen had, on the day following Lady Landport's ball, seen a paragraph stating that the Comte de Saint Leon, cousin of Sir Vivian Chandos-Devereux and joint trustee with Miss Vera Calderon of his estates, had arrived in England, and was present at the Marchioness of Landport's ball in Piccadilly, where he was presented to Miss Calderon, and Aileen's heart beat high with hope. What did this letter say? So little that Aileen clasped her hands with the mental ejaculation—

"Saints in heaven, shure an' I can't be deavin' meself because it's what I wish! Shure it's the masther! What would I give to look on his beautiful face again an' hear his voice! Niver man had a sweeter voice. I don't think he could hide it from me!"

Yes; if this man had indeed been Rafael de Rohan, why had not Vera said more? To Aileen she spoke her thoughts. She would have pointed out the differences between him and his cousin, and said whether they were more or less discernible than in the picture; most of all, she would have noted any similarity—or marked dissimilarity—of voice. But she only said that Saint Leon had arrived, that she had met him at the ball, and had seen him the next day in Carlton house Terrace; adding that he would shortly go down to Chandos Royal, and that she herself would be at Temple Rest before long. What should bring Vera to Temple Rest in the height of the season?

"I am sure it's none else," said Aileen again, "an' I hope—ah, my darling, for your sake I hope——" But here Aileen's reflections were interrupted by the entrance of a servant to say that Maggie Tredegar had brought the laced handkerchiefs, for Maggie had a notable skill in the working of initials.

"Are you there? Come in, Maggie!" cried Aileen; and in walked the girl, as pretty as ever, but certainly less coquettish, and looking just now a little crestfallen.

"Sit down, Maggie. Why, mavourneen," added Aileen, with the national quickness to perceive any change of feature or manner, "what's wid yez? You are not botherin' your head, are you, because you said you'd bring the things last night and you didn't. There's no hurry. Miss Vera don't lack for a dozen or more handkerchiefs shure!"

"It isn't that," began the girl hesitatingly. "I did bring them last night—but—I didn't come on."

"What do you mane?" asked Aileen.

For answer Maggie asked a question.

"You believe in ghosts, don't you?"

"Sure!" said the Irishwoman, crossing herself, but a keen watchful look came into her eyes. "What do you mane, Maggie? Out wid it! It isn't Aileen Connor would laugh at ye."

"Well," said Maggie, in a low eager tone, "it was quite dark by the time I had the work finished, and I came the short cut round through the pine wood and by the shrubbery. I don't know how it was I didn't feel much afraid, because, ever since Mr. Duke's murder, I wouldn't be anywhere about there after dark for anything. I was through the wood, and near the shrubbery, when I began to get frightened; and all of a sudden"—the girl grew white and shuddered violently—"a man came into the path; at least it looked like a man."

"One of the servants maybe," suggested Aileen, stooping over the handkerchief and examining the initials in the corner. "Did you see his face?"

"No. It couldn't be a servant; he had a long cloak and a hat like—like the picture of that gloomy old Spanish Don in the hall, Aileen"—lowering her voice to an awed whisper. "Does he walk?"

"Troth," replied the ready witted Irishwoman, "listen to me, Maggie; I couldn't say that it wasn't a trick, but it's just this—they do say Don Diego walks sometimes, and that, if he's seen, it means sorrow to the Calderons. Heaven knows there's enough fallen on Miss Vera to spare them all from this day! But don't be chattering about. Laste said, best, of such things; Miss Vera wouldn't like it."

"Nobody knows it but me," said Maggie. "I didn't tell my cousin, because she's not well, and it would have frightened her so much; so now I'll say nothing at all—not even to father. I don't know how I got back to the lodge, for I was half dead with fright."

"And do you mane to say you only saw what you've towld me of?" asked Aileen, with interest.

"Nothing more; he was gone in a second—too quick for mortal man," said the superstitious Cornish girl, shuddering—"and I wouldn't have waited to see more."

"Poor girl," said Aileen sympathisingly, "don't talk of it! Stop and have some dinner with me. And what do you think, Maggie? Maybe Miss Vera will be coming down soon; an' Sir Vivian's cousin is over here, an' he'll be coming down."

"Miss Vera!" cried Maggie, clasping her hands, and forgetting even the ghost in her joy. And then her face fell again.

"But, ah, Aileen," she said, her brown eyes full of tears, "I don't want to see the Count; he's so like the one we'll never see again, that'll never have right done him now. I'd rather he was different than have him so like and yet not the same."

Aileen could not offer little comfort here; but she made the girl stop with her, and did her best to efface the impression produced on her mind by her night encounter with the supposed ghost of old Don Diego.

CHAPTER XL.

SOCIETY was determined to make a darling of Count Rafael Saint Leon; but the Count somewhat disappointed society in that he refused numberless invitations, and rather held aloof from the flattering attentions bestowed on him. That he was a very haughty man was speedily apparent; but his hauteur was that of an aristocrat, and in no sense that of self esteem; nor was it easy to be vexed at a reserve which, under the painful circumstances of his position and the uncertainty hanging over the fate of Vivian Devereux, did him credit. He pleaded business—and indeed the plea was to a great extent a true one; but still he mingled with the world of fashion, and delighted the soul of Mrs. Gresham Faulkner by appearing one evening at one of her assemblies. Lady Constance Morton was "charmed" with him; so was pretty Florrie; but the latter struggled with a kind of antagonism against him because of that very likeness to Vivian in person and manner which, in his presence, banished all memory of a feeling that the girl told herself was unjust and even foolish. She wondered if Vera felt as she did; but it was of no use watching her in hope of reading her feelings. Florrie had long since given up that as fruitless.

She ran into Carlton house Terrace one Sunday afternoon, nearly a fortnight after Saint Leon's arrival in England, and found Vera in the drawing room, and the Count with her. The girl was at the piano, playing Schumann's Fantasiestücke, and Saint Leon stood by, listening. Florrie, who, without entering into classical music with Vera's knowledge and depth of perception, was yet passionately fond of it, made a hasty deprecating sign to the player not to interrupt the piece; but Saint Leon came forward at once, and lifted the girl's pretty hand to his lips.

"It is so long since I have had the pleasure of seeing you," he said smiling.

"So long!" repeated Florrie, opening her eyes. "Only four days—at the Opera!"

"Ah, but four days may sometimes seem a century!"

"Not in this case," said Florrie, thinking that, if he had been speaking to her and thinking of Vera, he might be using no exaggerated language; and, as she seated herself a little distance off, she found herself watching the Count, if perchance his glance should rest on Vera with more interest than belonged to so short an acquaintance. But a keener scrutiny than Florrie Morton's would have detected nothing to indicate that the French noble was likely to find the society of his co trustee too attractive for his own peace of mind.

He thanked her earnestly, with a musician's appreciation, when the piece was finished, and then Vera turned to greet her friend.

"I hope you mean to remain, Florrie," she said; "you have no other engagement?"

"You would tempt me to break it if I had," said Florrie; "so I will stay. Does M. de Saint Leon play?" she added, half to Vera, half to the Count—for Florrie Morton felt considerable *mauvaises honte* in uttering her not very fluent sentences to the Count, though she had no difficulty in understanding him when he spoke.

"Yes, he plays; and, Florrie"—Vera smiled a little—"M. de Saint Leon understands quite enough of English for you to speak to him, and that will take a load from your mind."

Florrie laughed and colored. The Count courteously expressed his surprise that "mademoiselle" should hesitate to employ that language which she spoke so charmingly; but, if she would speak English to him, it would assist him to learn.

"Don't pay me compliments which are undeserved, but prove Vera's statement that you can play," said Florrie, with the bluntness her disguised cousin so well remembered; and she wondered whether he played half as well as Vivian did. The thought made her sigh, and brought the tears to her eyes.

Vivian, as he took Vera's vacated place at the piano, knew exactly what was passing in pretty Florrie's mind. And he smiled secretly. How could he help it? It would be strange if he played less skilfully than Vivian Devereux!

He chose a Caprice of Mendelssohn's, and played it so splendidly that Florrie listened with her heart in her eyes, and Vera's thoughts went back to the dim gloaming at Temple Rest two years before, when she had first heard Vivian Devereux play.

"Go on," she said now, as then, when he stopped; and he played one of Henselt's dreamy studies; and, as the last lingering cadence ceased, and before Florrie—who had indeed to force back her tears to speak—could utter her thanks, the door opened, and a servant came in and paused with an unusual air of hesitation. Vera rose.

"What is it, Andrew?"

"Please, Miss Calderon"—glancing at the Count and then at Florrie—"some one wants you. Will you step outside a minute?"

She guessed who it was; but she did not even glance at Vivian as he rose from the piano.

"Will you excuse me for a few moments?" she said quietly, and passed out into the ante room.

"Miss Calderon," said Andrew in a low voice, "a man is waiting for you in the breakfast room, who gave his name as Alphonse Duval. He says he was Sir Vivian Devereux's valet."

"Alphonse Duval!" Vera repeated in a kind of mechanical manner. "Thank you, Andrew; I will go to him."

And, calm and stately, she swept down the wide stairs.

As the door closed upon her retreating form, Florrie Morton started to her feet, and looked eagerly and questioningly into Saint Leon's face.

"What can it mean?" she said, under her breath. "Oh, M. de Saint Leon, I am sure it's some one from Vivian!"

"You can but wait the result, mademoiselle; do not, I entreat you," returned the Count gently, "agitate yourself."

"How can I help it?" said the girl, for-

getting in the sympathetic charm of this man's presence, perhaps through his very likeness to Vivian, that he was almost a stranger to her. "It is Alphonse, I am sure; and if he brings——Oh, Count Saint Leon, do you think it can be true? Vivian cannot be dead!"

"He might be; but he certainly is not yet," was the Count's thought; but he said earnestly and gravely, "Mademoiselle, it would be cruelty to ask you to hope. I myself fear the worst even while I try to hope the best. *Chere mademoiselle*, I did not know that you loved your cousin so dearly."

Florrie's pretty eyes were blinded with tears.

"I loved him as if he had been my brother," he said. "Who could help loving him—except those, it seemed, who should have given him the most affection? We used to play together as children; and through all his wanderings he never forgot me. And, oh, what will Vera suffer? I cannot believe him dead!"

She covered her face, sobbing.

"Mademoiselle, I would it were in my power to give you comfort!"

It was real and deep emotion that shook his mellow voice as he bent over her. He longed to take her in his arms and kiss away her tears, as he would have done, with a brother's tenderness, in the old times; but he could only show her such sympathy as might become Vivian Devereux's cousin, and no more.

"You are too kind," said Florrie, struggling for composure. "I am foolish, I am afraid."

She rose as she spoke and crossed the room. She was vexed with herself. Would the Count think her too ready to give confidence? Surely no; he was too like Vivian to fail in keen and true insight. She turned sharply as the door opened again and Vera entered.

One look at her made Florrie spring forward, and then pausing breathless, unable to ask the question that trembled on her lips Always pale, there was little to note in this respect about Vera now; but her lips were set as with desperate resolve; and her eyes gazed straight before her, as if she saw nothing. The stage would have gained a splendid actress if Vera Calderon's lot had destined her for the foot lights.

"Mademoiselle," said the Count and paused.

The girl half turned to him, and her hand sought instinctively, apparently, for support; she caught the back of the chair on which Florence Morton had been sitting, and grasped it.

"One moment," she said in a low voice—how had she so altered its tone?—"spare me one moment, Florrie"—for the girl was by her side now, and with clasped hands stood awaiting the verdict—"and I tell you." She lifted her other hand and pressed it to her brow, as if her brain were bewildered and she hardly realised the full force of the blow that had fallen upon her, even though she had been prepared to receive it. "It is true," she said then in that same strange voice, and not as though she spoke to any one present, but rather to herself. "that Vivian Devereux is dead. Florrie——"

A sharp agony came into her eyes, and her colorless cheeks flushed scarlet as Florrie threw up her hands and, with a piercing cry, sank upon her knees at Vera's feet, hiding her face in the silken robe. The Count bent down and, raising the weeping girl with gentle force, placed her in the chair by which Vera stood, and Vera knelt by her, soothing her fondly.

CHAPTER XLI.

TWO years ago Vivian Chandos-Devereux, newly-elected member for Melton Parva, had ridden through Pengarth amid enthusiastic crowds, and every one who looked on him had prophesied a splendid future for the young lord of Rougemont. Even the wise women forgot that he had been born at the fateful conjunction of the elements, or only remembered it, as they clutched the broad pieces he scattered so freely, to declare that he would defeat his evil destiny. On this night Vivian Devereux, lord not only of Rougemont, but of all the broad lands of the noble House of Devereux, rode through the same village as a stranger, an alien, to whom the language of his own tenants was scarcely known, who must meet his faithful servants as though he looked on each well-remembered face for the first time.

He had come down by a train that reached Pengarth between ten and eleven, when the village would be asleep. He shrank from the glare of daylight, from the crowd of eager questioning faces, from the looks of pain and disappointment, because his very likeness to Vivian Devereux was a sharp reminder that he was dead, and had died in exile and disgrace; publicity could only bring him bitter pain; it was better, far better, to ride unseen through the familiar scenes, to pass in the dead of night through the long-closed gates; the gloom and the silence were best suited for such a coming home as this; the darkness shrouded his life and his heart. He was well pleased that no moon shone, that a sullen brooding calm lay over the sea and land, and no breath of air stirred the leaves of the woods or rippled the long grass that grew by the cliff.

They knew at the station that Count Saint Leon was coming down only when a groom rode up with two led horses; and the porter came out at the unwonted sound.

"By Jingo," said he to the groom, whom he knew, "is that there furrin Count comin' down to night?"

"Ay," answered the groom—"wish he wasn't; he's too like master for me to want to see him. Did you see Miss Calderon when she came?"

"Just caught a glimpse of her. She was all in black and crape; but she always speaks so sweet-like. Bless her! Well, I always said I didn't half believe as Sir Vivian was guilty."

"Served Mr. Duke right if he had been," returned the groom; "but I'd never believe it neither. There, 'taint no use talking. It won't bring him back," said the groom chokingly, "if the right man was found ever so."

"No, that it won't," assented the porter, as he went off to ring the bell to announce the coming train, though there was nobody to go by it.

The station-master came out upon the dimly-lighted platform, anxious to see the foreign trustee of Chandos Royal, and in another moment the head lights of the advancing engine flashed through the darkness, and, with a shrill whistle, the long train came groaning into the station.

Only one door was opened, the door of a first class compartment, and many heads were thrust out of the carriages as two passengers alighted—the first evidently a foreign courier, for Alphonse was as much courier as a valet, and, having been *en service* bore himself in military style—the last a tall aristocratic personage, also a foreigner, to whom the porter ran up touching his cap, but started back involuntarily as he saw the face so like that of the lost lord of Chandos Devereux. But the stranger looked at the rugged honest features he recalled so perfectly without recognition thanked him with a gentle courtesy in French, and laid a half-sovereign in his palm—though his service was not needed—for "auld lang syne," only the porter did not know that; and then the two foreigners passed through the book office to where the horses stood. As he touched his hat, the groom—forgetting himself—stared hard at Saint Leon, and then turned quickly to greet Alphonse warmly, for Alphonse had made himself a favorite during his brief sojourn at the Royal. Saint Leon saluted the man with grave courtesy, and mounted in silence; and so they rode away, Alphonse indicating the road, as though the rider in advance did not know every rood of ground over which they passed.

The two servants rode behind their master, and Fred, the groom, eagerly questioned Alphonse, who spoke English fluently, though with a foreign accent, about Saint Leon.

"He's awful like master," he said brushing his hand over his eyes; "it reg'lar upset me, it did. One 'ud almost expect him to have said, 'Well, Fred, have you grown wise as you grow older?' as master did last time he see me afore all this bad business—or somethin' bright and nice—he'd always a good word for every one. There, I can't abide to think of it; and now I s'pose the heir, forsooth, will be comin' and takin' the place. I won't serve him—that I won't."

"He cannot!" responded Alphonse, with animation. "Monsieur de Saint Leon tell me that no lawyers will not allow it—zat my evidence not enough; and, though I know it is true—*helas!*"—and here Alphonse's voice shook, and he shed tears with admirable success—"I am glad—*craiment*, I am very glad. I would rather this Count and mademoiselle were trustees; for se Count, he like my own dear master—zat is why I take service with him—and because he loves Monsieur Devereux; and mademoiselle—Monsieur Devereux loved her. Let us talk no more," said Alphonse, with a gesture expressive of grief; "it breaks my heart. Ah my dear master!" And again Monsieur Duval wept.

But indeed his sorrow was real enough, and only its cause was assumed.

Heaven knows what agony wrung Vivian Devereux's heart as he rode under the spreading trees of his own fair park, and saw the turrets and gables of the grand old mansion rising up before him; but only to one would he breathe such feelings as these—if indeed language could express them.

He did not enter by the grand entrance, but rode up, still apparently guided by Alphonse, to a side door. The mansion was wrapped in sullen gloom; not a light shone in any of the windows on this side—the Count had given orders that only one servant was to remain up to admit him—not a sound broke the stillness but the hoof-strokes of the horses on the gravel.

At the entrance Saint Leon dismissed Fred to the stable with the horses and then he stood quite motionless in the solemn stillness.

"One moment," he said in a whisper, and, stretching out his hand, held that of his faithful follower in a vice-like grasp—and Alphonse felt that he quivered from head to foot, and saw even through the darkness that his face was ghastly white, and that drops of anguish stood on his brow. But the victory was gained; he was calm once more, at least outwardly, and turned to Alphonse with a strange smile—

"After all," he said bitterly, "is Count Saint Leon more unwelcome than Vivian Devereux used to be?"

The door swung back; the old butler lifted high the lamp he held, and its rays fell full on the foreign Count's dark handsome features.

"Heaven save us!" cried the old man, and nearly dropped the lamp in his agitation. "It might be Sir Vivian himself, sir—your pardon. I——"

He faltered, and turned appealingly to Alphonse, who took the lamp from his trembling hand, which he warmly clasped, while Saint Leon laid his light gentle touch on the old man's shoulders, and said something which, though in French, the butler could understand, by the voice and manner, was meant to soothe him, and to assure him that there was no need to ask pardon; and then he spoke to Alphonse; and Alphonse, interpreting, said that M. de Saint Leon would not keep the butler from his rest, and needed not his services any longer. But the old man shook his head; Sir Vivian would not have had his cousin neglected. He insisted on ushering the Count to the room where supper had been laid, and told Alphonse what apartments had been prepared for the Count and himself; and hardly then could he be persuaded to retire, only that, as he told Alphonse, and begged that he would explain this to the Count, he believed he must have broken down altogether; for he could not bear to look at M. de Saint Leon—it broke his heart, it did.

Alphonse had gone out into the hall with the poor old butler; and, softly re-entering the room he had quitted, he saw his master standing by the mantlepiece, his face buried in his folded arms.

He hardly moved as Alphonse came near and stood silent, with clasped hands; but he muttered brokenly—

"Heaven help me and strengthen me! It is more than I can bear."

"Heaven help you, my dear master," said Alphonse, with intense earnestness "And one day—one day, soon"—the man's eyes flashed as he spoke—"you will come back to these halls, as spotless before the world as you are before Heaven."

Vivian started, as if this man's solemn enthusiasm had pierced the heavy gloom of his all but intolerable suffering with a ray of dazzling light; but he did not look up at once; he gave Alphonse his hand in silent gratitude, and Alphonse kissed it reverently.

Presently, however, Devereux, ever characteristically thoughtful, in his darkest hours as in his most careless mood, of even trifles that effected others round himself, gently insisted on Alphonse taking refreshment. He himself touched nothing; and when his servant had supped he bade him seek rest.

"I shall not rest to night," he said quietly; "but do not let the thought of me banish sleep from your pillow, Alphonse. I were the best left. I must fight out this battle alone."

So Alphonse, with ready and delicate tact, withdrew; and then Vivian Devereux took up a lamp from a table, and with noiseless step passed through the wide halls and long galleries that used to echo often to the careless footsteps and merry voices of welcome guests, and now reflected only the passing shadow of their sometime lord—the stern ghost of all that had passed away for ever.

He paused by the arched door, through which Duke Devereux would have admitted his thoughtless guest. It opened to the silent key that locked it again on the inside. He stood within the sacrarium of this great mansion—the apartments of Stephanie de Rohan.

A woman's tenacity of affection co existed with a singularly powerful intellect in Vivian Devereux and the hour in which his mother's eye's closed on him for ever lived in the memory of his restless ambitious manhood, strengthened yet more by the bitter sense of most cruel injustice, with almost all the poignancy of the first fierce agony. He was before his mother's picture now. With what adoring love he had looked on that likeness as a little child, and then he could turn to the living love, to be soothed, even in his most passionate mood, by that wondrous charm the influence of which had been a power in his life. Now that the vacant chair where she used to sit; the table close by, on which lay the last book she had read, the last dainty piece of work, still unfinished, on which she had been engaged, the graceful statuette—his gift—she had loved to have ever where she could often look at it; her piano, her music, all the dumb forms of beauty and evidences of culture that has surrounded her sorrowful life—these were left to mock him with that awful speech of speechless things, he sank down upon the chair she had left so long since, and the wild grief so sternly controlled till now swept over him like a tempest. If Vera Calderon had seen him in this hour, would she still have held to her stern resolve? Ay, still, "for his sake!"

CHAPTER XLII.

NEXT day Vivian Devereux rode over part of the estate, and expressed himself to the land-steward, who accompanied him, perfectly satisfied with what he saw: indeed, as to agriculture, he frankly admitted he was no judge, but Mademoiselle Calderon was a marvelous manager, and the land-steward was much to be complimented—a tribute which that personage fully deserved. He would have had little opportunity, had he been so disposed, to abuse his trust while Vera Calderon held the reins of power. The peasants stared hard at the foreign Count, and touched their hats; the tenant farmers hardly knew whether to regard him with favor, because he was so like Sir Vivian, or with antagonism on that very account; but his grave sweet courtesy, even though he could not speak English, won them in spite of themselves.

But Vivian avoided Tredegar's farm. He would not willingly incur the pain of meeting bluff old Farmer Tredegar and his pretty daughter—his old playmate Maggie.

In the afternoon he rode to Rougemont, but not to the Castle, for here the servants had been all his own (Fordham, his favorite groom, was ill; the certain news of his master's death had been "like a blow" to him, they had told Vivian at Chandos Royal to-day); and Vivian at once sent Alphonse to Rougemont to see them, and tell them, in more detail, about their master. He was charged also from M. de Saint Leon to say that he would come himself, only he feared that just now his presence might be too painful to his cousin's own servants; in addition, Alphonse was the bearer of a special message to Fordham, who, the Count knew, "had been his cousin's favorite groom," and, if the man should like to see him, the Count would gladly visit him. How little did the servant guess, when, with tears in his eyes, he sent his thanks to M. de Saint Leon, and said he should think it a great honor if he would come, that what seemed to him a delicate kindness, offered for Vivian Devereux's sake, was the outcome of Vivian's own heart; that the master longed to clasp in his own once more the hand of the devoted retainer who had roused his stern displeasure in his anxious love for him!

The full blaze of June sunshine was pouring down on the gray spired church of Rougemont, as Vivian drew rein at the churchyard gate. How peaceful and quiet the scene was! There was no human being in sight; hardly a sound broke the stillness, save the soft wash of the sea beneath the cliffs, and now and then the tinkle of the sheep-bell or the distant lowing of cattle browsing on the hillside.

Devereux dismounted, and, looping his horse's bridle over the gate-post, crossed the churchyard, and entered the church, which was always open. It seemed but yesterday that he had seen it last; here were the richly-carved choir stalls, black with age, the old tombs with their quaint effigies of recumbent knights, and ragged banners in the Lady Chapel: but there were changes that the bounty of Vivian Devereux had wrought—Vivian Devereux, who somehow felt as though it had been in truth his spirit and not himself who stood there; that he had died, and was buried far away in a nameless grave, as they all believed. The work he had begun was finished: the grand old Gothic church had been restored to its pristine glory. There were statues in niche and on pedestal, and on the rood-screen an exquisite crucifixion group. The Devereux had ever been lovers of the splendor and devotees of art; and Vivian had Benjamin's share of these characteristics.

The solemn stillness, the awful sense of loneliness, of being dead to the world, and being here as "a stranger and sojourner" oppressed him; and he turned back towards the door. As he reached the porch he heard a slow step on the gravel path, and there, advancing among the graves, with head bent thoughtfully, even sorrowfully, it seemed, was the well known venerated form of Wilford Coryn.

Prepared as he was for a sudden meeting with the Rector of Rougemont, this *rencontre* staggered Vivian more than he could have thought possible; not that, in any case, he would have betrayed himself, but it needed all his power of will, all his practice of self-command to keep back every sign of recognition. Knowing that the sight of him must startle Doctor Croyon, he stepped aside, as if to make way for him; and the slight sound, as he had intended, made the Rector look up, to see what seemed the very embodiment of his thoughts. Not that, even in that second, he believed he saw Vivian Devereux; yet, though he knew it was not Vivian, but Vivian's cousin, he could not avoid the start, the recoil, the abrupt exclamation of surprise and pain.

"*Mon pere*," said the Count's voice, "pardon; I am deeply grieved——"

"Nay, nay," interrupted the Rector, recovering himself in some measure, though his voice shook and his lips trembled; "you will understand me, M. de Saint Leon—it is your likeness to your cousin. I—I—shall be calmer directly." He leant heavily on his stick for a moment, and drew his breath hard. "I knew him so little personally," he said presently, brushing his hand across his eyes, and his voice was still broken;

"but I loved him—he was as noble in heart as gifted in mind." He paused, and added, in a low voice, "It is hard to see Heaven's hand in this awful blow that has fallen on us all."

Could Vivian Devereux see it? He set his teeth in stern silent endurance; yet did he need less faith than Wilford Coryn; for he lived to seek the truth, but the Rector believed him beyond the reach of justification. If the whole world knew him to be innocent, it could avail him nothing now.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

After All.

BY M. U. R.

RALPH ALWIN was walking up and down in the verandah. Rosie Trevor was sitting in the shadow of a climbing plant, watching him. He looked up and met her eyes.

"Pray tell me what you were thinking about," he said.

"I was wondering if Ethel Dane would add you to her list of conquests," she answered. "You know she is coming here next week."

"I heard so," he answered. "I think you need not trouble yourself about me. If this Miss Dane is the coquette and flirt you say she is, I shall not trouble myself about her. I despise a coquette above all things."

"But perhaps you cannot help troubling yourself about her," said Miss Trevor, snipping off rose-buds from the bushes trailing down about her. "She's just the kind of woman to make men get interested in her, whether they chose to be or not. She has only to lift those wonderful black eyes of hers, or to smile bewitchingly upon her unsuspecting victim, and it's all over with him. He's conquered, completely."

"An uncommon specimen of the fair sex," laughed Alwin. "I have met one or two confirmed flirts in my day, but never one like your Miss Dane. According to your description she is irresistible, and we poor men stand no kind of a chance in trying to keep clear of her fascinations. We must surrender to her, willing or unwilling."

"Oh you'll be like all the rest, I presume," laughed Miss Trevor, "perfectly willing to get down and pay homage to this heartless specimen of humanity. You laugh; but that's what one of her victims call her. I only quote his testimony, and he ought to have understood what he was talking about, because he had been through the mill. You ought to have seen how she tantalized that poor fellow. For three months she kept him in an agony of suspense. Sometimes she was cool as an iceberg, and distant—why, Greenland isn't farther off than she could make herself; then, all of a sudden, she'd thaw out, and be so charming—just like a summer day, all warmth and sunshine; and the poor man would take courage, and get deeper in love than ever before, and think that at last he'd got the advantage of her, and, just as he went to make sure, the weather would turn suddenly cold, and she be the very personification of Greenland again. So she kept tantalizing him all the summer long; and at last, when she got tired of him, she gave him the coolest kind of a dismissal, and sent him off about his business, feeling about as much hurt as if he'd been through a campaign and lost a limb or two. He didn't lose anything but his heart, however; and I don't suppose the loss of that very small organ of masculine anatomy interfered very much with his happiness. He felt terribly cut up, though, to think she had fooled him so completely. His vanity was hurt, you see, more than anything else."

"He must have been a weak-brained fellow to let a woman sway him this way and that in the fashion you describe," said Alwin. "No woman could influence me like that. If she were so changeable, I would have nothing to do with her. I like to see a person one day what he will be the next. I haven't any faith in these mercurial people who hop about from zero to blood heat; you can't depend on them a whit more than you can the weather."

"I know that," answered Miss Trevor. "I don't suppose Miss Dane changes after mercurial fashion only for the sake of tormenting the man. Just wait until you see her, and see what you think about her then."

The next week Ethel Dane came to Rosewild. A petite little thing with two of the most innocent looking eyes ever seen, and a face apparently free from any coquettishness as a child's.

"The idea of her being a flirt," thought Alwin. "Why, she's as artless as a baby. I can read faces pretty well, and I don't believe she's capable of deliberately breaking a man's heart. They don't understand her, that's all."

And forthwith he fell in love with her.

The more he saw of her the more confident he became in his opinion of her artlessness. She had a trick of lifting her great brown eyes to his in such a frank, innocent way that he almost considered her, at such times, a child, and felt inclined to take her in his lap and kiss her in a fatherly kind of way. And then she would suddenly grow dignified and cool, and he would feel that after all it was not a child, but a woman, he had to do with; and occasionally he would resolve to be very careful and circumspect, and not get entangled too deeply in her fascinations. And, as a consequence of such resolution, he would keep aloof from her for awhile.

Then she would suddenly beam upon him like a May morning, and the frost of his reserve would vanish completely before her smiles and witcheries. He found it impossible to resist her when she tried her blandishments on him. It was the old story. She was a woman, and he was a man, and the man was powerless to resist the woman's wiles.

"I can't believe that she is the flirt you would like to make me believe," he said to Miss Trevor. "She is as capricious as a child, and as full of wayward fancies. She has a faculty of attracting men, and because she cannot return the love which they give her unasked, they call her coquettish and a flirt."

"Wait and tell me your opinion by and-by," said Miss Trevor, smiling. "You may have occasion to change your views."

"I don't know why people give me such a bad name," Miss Dane said to him not long after that. "They call me a flirt, you know, and accuse me of breaking men's hearts just for the sport of the thing. I think it's shameful. I haven't tried to win your heart, have I, Mr. Alwin?"

"Not that I am aware of," answered Ralph, but he knew that, whether she had tried or not, she had won it.

The days slipped by, and the end of the summer, and the end of Ralph Alwin's dream, drew near.

He was sure that she loved him. He could tell it by the shy uplifting of her wide, brown eyes, and the swift, rosy flushes which came and went on her fair, innocent-looking face, when his glance was on her.

Sometimes, still, she was distant and reserved, but he would attribute it to her fear that he should think her a coquette. A more artless, winsome woman he had never known, he fancied, than this Ethel Dane, this odd combination of womanhood and childhood.

One day he met her in the hall.

"I am going away to-morrow," she said, drooping her eyes. "You'll be glad, won't you?"

"You know better than that," he answered. "I shall miss you as we miss the sunshine and the flowers."

"That's a pretty speech," she laughed. "Since you are in the sentimental mood, come and sing with me. Just a song or two, for the sake of old times, you know."

He followed her into the parlor.

She sat down at the piano, and ran over a pretty little improvised prelude to an old song they had often sung together, and then they sang. His whole soul found utterance in the song:—

"Oh, the summer time is ended;
They will come no more, I know;
But I love thee! oh, I love thee!
And I cannot let thee go!"

"Ethel," he cried, "I can't let you go, for I love you. Stay with me, darling."

"You are more sentimental than I ever knew you to be before," she said, smiling up into his eyes. "The sentimental mood is vastly becoming to you. You look—oh, you don't know how romantic you look!"

"I am in earnest," he said. "Don't misunderstand me, Ethel. I love you. You must have seen it all along. If I am not deceived, you do care for me a little."

"Are you really in earnest?" she asked, lifting up her eyes in well-feigned surprise. "I am sorry for you, if you are, because I am already engaged to one man, and I can't marry two, you know."

Ralph Alwin turned away without another word. The dream was over. He had had a cruel awakening.

In the hall he met Miss Trevor. With a woman's ready insight she read in his face the fact which he would have concealed.

"Don't!" he said, and passed her, his face very white.

She pitied him, from the bottom of her heart.

"I think you ought to be ashamed of yourself," she said to Miss Dane. "Ralph is such a fine man, so earnest about everything, that you might have let him alone, and left his faith in everybody's goodness unshaken. Ten chances to one if he has faith in anybody after this."

"I never asked him to love me," said Miss Dane coolly. "If the men will persist in making fools of themselves, I can see that I am very much to blame for it."

There has been considerable controversy of late in the California papers upon the question of which county recorded the first marriage after the State was admitted to the Union. California became a State September 9, 1850, and until recently it was supposed that the first marriage after that date occurred in Placer county, in October of the following year. A rummaging of county records, however, has shown that at least ten marriages took place before that time the earliest being September 25, 1850, sixteen days after the State was admitted to the Union, when Charles B. Sterling, of New Orleans, was married at Fremont, Yolo county, to Lucinda Stuart of that place.

The Fortune Huntress.

BY MAUD MURRAY.

IT was a dreadful accident, to be sure," said Helen Morison, with a slight shudder.

"But then," said Clara Whyte, "what a noble thing it was for you to be able to prove your heart-whole affection—that it was the soul you loved, not its mere handsome casket. Oh, Helen," clasping her hands with girlish enthusiasm, "it was almost worth the ordeal."

Helen opened wide her china blue eyes.

"Clara, what on earth do you mean? Do you suppose I would marry a hunchback?"

"Helen!"

"Of course I broke off the engagement as soon as it happened," said the blonde beauty. "I must marry some one who can give me a home and an establishment such as I need. Love in a cottage with a hunchback husband to support by giving music lessons—thank you, it isn't my style."

"But Mr. Egremont has something of his own."

"Something! Yes, a paltry four or five hundred a year; enough for him to live on with economy, but nothing more."

"Poor fellow," said Clara, with the echo of a sob in her voice. "To lose health, comeliness, hope of progress in life, and promised wife, all at once—oh, it must be hard! Helen, I think you have used him cruelly—cruelly and basely. If I loved a man, not all the accidents in life could twist or maim him out of my heart!"

Helen Morison colored and tossed her head.

"Pity is akin to love, they say, Miss Clara," she said haughtily. "You may take him yourself, if you feel so deeply for him. You are welcome to my share in him."

Clara Whyte made no answer to this taunt, but she crimsoned to the very roots of her hair.

Kate Egremont made no secret of her opinion of the manner in which Miss Morison had treated her brother.

"A heartless coquette—a mere wealth-worshipper!" she cried, with flashing eyes. "Never mind, Charles; you have had a lucky escape from her!"

As for Helen, she herself paid very little attention to this seething whirlpool of public opinion. She had succeeded in getting introduced to Captain Bruce Egremont, the heir to the fine old Egremont Hall estates, and second cousin to the man whose future, so far as she was concerned, was closed for ever.

"If I had known about the captain," said Helen, gaily, "I never should have wasted my ammunition on Charlie! Why, he's fabulously rich!"

"But he is not a young man," said Clara, to whom Miss Morison confided her raptures, for lack of someone else.

"What then? A Croesus of fifty is infinitely preferable to a poverty stricken Adonis!"

"And he's gouty, ill-tempered, and——"

"And a millionaire!" laughingly struck in Helen; "and in less than a month's time, I intend he shall be desperately in love with your humble servant!"

And she made Clara a curtsey, sweeping back the soft, silken rustle of her blue draperies, and looking up with shining eyes and cheeks aglow with the softest and most radiant carmine! Clara looked at her with half a smile and half a sigh.

"Helen," she said, "you ought to have been a Siren, or an Undine, or some other beautiful object, created without a heart!"

"Hearts are not marketable commodities now a days, my dear," said Helen sneeringly.

"And you have forgotten all the past—and Charles Egremont—and the beautiful romance of your first love?"

"Where's the use of remembering any such sentimental nonsense, Clara?" said Helen, with a slight shrug of her beautiful dimpled shoulders. "It ranges in my mind just where last year's faded bouquets and ball tablets do—very nice at the time, but scarcely worth thinking about now! Don't you remember the old refrain: 'The king is dead! Long live the king!' Well, that's exactly my philosophy!"

And Clara never told the gay, shallow-hearted belle how she went daily to help Kate Egremont read to and amuse her invalid brother in that dreariest of all periods—convalescence!

"Why should you all trouble yourselves about me?" he asked, bitterly. "I shall never be other than a wretched cripple—a mere useless burden upon society. Helen Morison has thrown me over; you can scarcely do better than to follow her example."

"Charlie, you're too bad!" said Kate, a little energetically, one day. "If you talk that way, you will certainly hurt Clara's feelings, and she is so good and gentle."

"She is good, to care for such a wretch as I am," said Charles Egremont. "I shall never abandon all belief in human nature as long as Clara Whyte lives.

And Kate was glad the next day to discover that the radiant likeness of Helen Morison had disappeared from the place where it was wont to smile, like some serene, benignant angel, and in its place stood a Bohemian glass containing violets and tuberoses that Clara had brought.

Helen stopped in to see Miss Whyte, one golden September day, and Clara thought she had never seen her look so lovely.

"You never come to see me now a days," said Helen, pouting; "but you see I don't entirely forget you."

"My time is so entirely occupied," said Clara, apologetically.

"Oh, I forgot, you are sister of charity in general," said Helen, with a light laugh. "Well, I don't pretend to any such preternatural perfection. See!"

And she held up her dainty little hand, on the fourth finger of which glittered a great *solitaire* diamond.

"Oh, Helen!" cried Clara, sincerely shocked, "you are not engaged already?"

"But I assure you that I am."

"And to whom?"

"Captain Bruce Egremont."

Clara turned away, sick at heart. Helen laughed musically.

"You don't congratulate me," said she, defiantly. "Well, I can afford to do without any of that sort of thing."

When Clara went to her friend, Kate Egremont's, that afternoon, the invalid looked keenly into her face.

"Don't be afraid," he said, smiling; "I have heard the news, and you see I still survive. The old wound is beginning to cicatrize, and I think I comprehend the fulness of the danger I have escaped. Miss Morison was very beautiful, but she had absolutely no heart—nothing but an anatomical formation. My cousin, the captain, is quite welcome to his lovely statue."

As he spoke, Kate entered with a note in her hand.

"A telegraphic despatch for you, Charles," she said.

The color ebbed away from his face as he ran his eye over the lines.

"Helen will be disappointed," he said calmly. "Captain Bruce has been thrown from his horse, and lies dead at Egremont Hall, and I, as heir at law, succeed to everything."

* * * * *

"I am sure he will see me," said Miss Morison, in answer to the servant's assertion that "Mr. Egremont received no company, at present."

And as she waited for him to return, she looked round the marble paved portico, with its stone vases full of gorgeous autumal flowers, and the velvet smooth lawns, dotted here and there with dappled deer, of Egremont Hall.

The man returned presently, and ushered her into the library, where Mr. Egremont lay on a sofa. Helen advanced with clasped hands and soft, appealing eyes—a *tableau*, so to speak, of pleading beauty.

"Charles, can you—will you forgive me?"

"Certainly, Helen," he answered, with an ease of manner that spoke badly for the success of Miss Morison's plans.

"And do not deem me forward, but I know you cannot come to me—may matters be between us as they once were?"

"That would be impossible," he said dryly; "I am engaged."

"You?"

"Yes; to Miss Clara Whyte."

Helen Morison's countenance fell. She had played her last card—and uselessly. The fair huntress of gold was foiled at last.

Well, all this happened years ago. Helen is a cross old maid now, with wrinkles and false teeth; and every year she pays a long visit at Egremont Hall—the home that might have been hers, if Fate had not pitted itself against her.

MASTER AND MAN IN JAPAN.—No feature of Japanese society is more curious than the relations between master and man. The master admits his servant—provided, of course, that he be of the military class—to his intimate society; but the servant never assumes a liberty. He takes his place at dinner with the utmost humility, and having done so, bears his share of the conversation, addressing freely, not only his master, but even guests of the highest rank. The master will pass his own wine cup to his man, as if he were an honored guest, and for a while they would appear, to any one not acquainted with the language most fertile in subtle distinctions, to be upon perfectly equal terms. Yet the moment the feast is over the man retires with the same profound obeisance and marks of deference with which he entered, and immediately relapses into the servitor; nor will he in any way presume upon the familiarity which, having lasted its hour, disappears until occasion calls it forth again.

When Plato was asked to say what was man he replied curtly:—"An animal without any feathers." He could not have said this of the Parisian lady of fashion, who is feathery all over just now. The fashions are a saturnalia of plumes. They nod by threes on Macounaise shapes; bend under the burden of insects poised above; nestle in pompons; wave in cavalier flourish; bristle up on the wing; form a gorgeous clump in as flat a piece of sunshine as ever swept a forest glade, or, again, proudly disdaining the hues of glorious things, contentedly curl about in the sober drab hues natural to the birds they are pulled from.

PARTING.

BY E. D.

'Tis done! Let no farewell be spoken:
We'll meet no more while life shall last;
The ties that death could not have broken
Are rent by wanton hands at last.

Too rare and radiant was the Eden
That from our heart-fount drew its showers—
From Satan it could not be hidden,
The serpent lurked beneath its flowers.

Our hands that lingered in each other,
As if they never could unclasp,
Expressing what the heart can't smother,
Will join no more in loving grasp.

Our joys that shot their rapturous glances
Into each bosom's inmost core,
Holding them in ecstatic trances,
Will meet in joyance never more.

But, like twin-loving rocks, the thunder
With ruthless bolt has rent in twain,
Coldly and sullenly asunder,
We'll dwell for aye in mute disdain.

Illustrations of Dress.

IN London there was a time, extending over a very long period, when the streets were for the most part nameless; and sign-boards were hung out by order of Government, to indicate to the traveller the asylum prepared for him—a plan adopted by tradesmen also to draw the attention to their workshops and warehouses. Articles of wearing apparel were very frequently selected as designs for these sign-boards, equally so by "mine host," the "Boniface," as by their respective manufacturers.

Commencing with our head-gear, we find many changes rung upon the same notes: "The Hat," "Hat and Beaver," Hat and Feathers," "Hat and Star," "Leghorn Hat," and "Three Hats;" besides "The Periwig," and "Blue Peruke and Star." Of the "Hat and Feathers" but one example appears to be extant, possibly because the iron heel of the Puritans trod the fashion under foot. More than one of their writers designated these decorations in such unmeasured terms as "Ensignes of vanitie, fluttering sailes, and feathered flagges of defiaunce to virtue."

An old tin hat, minus the obnoxious plumes, may still be seen in Whitechapel, the "cocked hat" worn in the latter part of the eighteenth century. The introduction of beaver hats is commemorated in a sign at Leicester. They were introduced as early as in the reign of Edward III., but their manufacture in England dates from that of Henry VIII. In the following reign French and Flemish Protestant refugees brought over the craft from their own lands, to establish it at Norwich and the adjacent market towns; but at this period the upper classes of society alone were permitted to wear them. "Statute caps" of thick woven wool were prescribed exclusively to the rest of the community, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, under pain of a fine of three shillings and four pence for every day's transgression of this law. Voltaire used to reside at the "White Peruke," in Maiden lane, when he visited London, as may be found recorded in certain letters of his to Dean Swift. White periwigs were only worn by persons who affected a very fashionable appearance and should have been exclusively adopted by the wealthy, for handsome ones were very costly, amounting, in the reign of Charles II., to even as much as £50. So valuable were they, that they were objects of desire to highwaymen, and common thieves have been known to cut a hole through the leather back of a carriage, and, inserting a hand, abstract the prize from the head of the "exquisite" within, and be off before the carriage could be stopped.

If the hats and caps of the Middle Ages were as extensive in their several varieties as those worn in the sixteenth century, the shops and hostelries distinguished by either of them might have sported gay and astounding emblems, one in no way resembling its next neighbor. In the eighteen century Le Gros, a Parisian barber and artist in head-gear of all kinds, published a series of plates, with their descriptions, consisting of no less than a hundred varieties. Perhaps the hats so called worn by men in the fourteenth century were less deserving the name than any worn before or since. Judging from the engravings in Strutt's "English Costume," they were most fantastic, and capable of being changed in form by every blast of wind; but towards the close of the eighteenth century the headdresses of women surpassed any that were even worn by men in their frightful eccentricity.

The "Hood and Scarf" represented a milliner's establishment which was situated in Cornhill (1673). The London hood was a style of covering universally adopted in the Middle Ages. Examples of some just like those in present use on the ulsters and ordinary waterproof cloaks are represented in a fourteenth century missal in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge. As a sign, it must have produced but a poor effect. Another milliner's device was "The Blue Bodice," whose shop was in the Long Walk in Queen Anne's time. But this trade was not monopolised by women in those days, and, unless some change take place for the better in the cutting and fitting by female hands in the dressmaking department, there will be a lapse of the work into masculine hands before many years have passed by.

"The Shirt" was the "flag of distress" hung out by a despairing alehouse-keeper, bearing the inscription, "This is my last shift"—a play on the word—as he had been unsuccessful in previous ventures; and this quaint device procured him the custom he desired. It must be remembered that in Saxon times there was no distinction between the shirt and the shift—or the *sherte* or *camese* from whence the French word *chemise*, which we have adopted. This article of dress was at certain periods in our history very handsome and costly; as worn by the nobility; and that represented on the tomb of Cœur de Lion at Fontevrault has a border of gold and raised studs.

"The Glove" has also been adopted for a sign-painting. It has also been employed as a token, expressive in a variety of ways. It denoted a knightly challenge; a custom still obtaining at the coronation ceremonies; it was worn in the cap or helmet as a pledge of faith to the lady love who gave it. A pair of white ones are still presented to the county judge when no cases are brought for trial; and in certain localities they are hung on the church pew of a peasant family on the death, in early youth, of an unmarried lad or lass.

"The Garter," like the glove, has been a favorite emblem, and equally utilised in a way foreign to its natural purpose. As an order of distinction I need not speak of it; as a sign, it is immortalised in "The Merry Wives of Windsor." The scene of Falstaff's exploits was a really existing inn, and gave the site to the present Star and Garter. Two more historical taverns were distinguished by these emblems—that in Pall Mall in which Lord Byron's grandfather killed Mr. Chaworth in a duel, and that at the end of Burton street, where equestrian exhibitions used to take place. Insignificant as articles of apparel in modern times, they afforded ample scope to the painter in the olden days for the introduction of bold contrasts of color, and sweeping "lines of beauty and grace;" for garters in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were large and handsome scarves, tied in handsome bows, fringed with lace or gold, and sometimes enriched with "silver roses." Ben Jonson speaks of wearing—

Scarlet, gold lace, and cut-work—your fine gathering—
With your blown roses.

Stockings, if not so popular nor so dignified as the garter, were commonly seen on trade tokens of the seventeenth century, and are suspended as signs, cut out in wood, to this day. In the time of Gay, the poet says:

On hosier's poles depending stockings ty'd,
Flag, with the slackened gale, from side to side.—
The Trivia.

They have some historic interest attached to them, dating from the year 1400, when the first mixed club of men and women was instituted at Venice. Their badge consisted of the blue stockings, which they wore; and the idea was adopted in England in the eighteenth century, when first the badge was worn by Mrs. Montagu. The last of its patrons was the Countess of Cork (*nee* Monckton), who died in 1840. As a mere *soubriquet* intended to disparage, the term "blue stocking" is still applied to women; but the very high standard to which their education has now so extensively attained has necessarily *changé tout cela*.

The stocking has an old traditional interest for children on New Year's Day, having been selected as the purse of the "good fairies," and hangs heavy with treasure at the foot of the child's bed on that most happy morning. As an article of dress it dates back at least to the twelfth century, and the name is derived from the knitting needles used in their manufacture, at first called "sticking pins," from the Saxon, to *stick*, corrupted to *stok*, whence "stocken" or stocking.

"The Clogs," "The Boots," "The Pattens," "The Wooden Shoes," "The Shoe and Slap," and "The Slipper," all have figured as favorite emblems of inns, as well as of their makers. Some reference to their wear, by the travellers invited to rest their weary feet, may be traced in the idea. "The Slap" signified a slipper, and I think was meant to describe the sort that were open round the heel, or laid down under it, which resulted in a clapping or slapping of the carpetless floor by the loose end of the sole. If William III. "saved us from wooden shoes," he conferred a favor on irritable nerves, and saved us, at the same time, from dwindled "understandings;" for, by preventing any spring in the step, you reduce the leg to the shape of a "pipe-stopper!"

In the boot and shoe department of sign boards great varieties have been successively supplied, from the time when the early Britons wore low boots of raw cow hide with the hair turned outward, to those of Edward III., when the richest contrasts in coloring, elegant decorations in gold and jewelery, and endless varieties in form, were produced by the artist-shoemakers. Chaucer speaks of the decoration of those worn by the priest Absolon as

Paule's window corven on his shoes

(referring to the rose-window of the old St. Paul's, destroyed in the great fire). Preposterous and *bizarre* indeed was the foot gear of the reigns of Richard II. and Edward IV.: and from that of Charles I. to William and Mary a complete revolution took place—less costly and elegant, as the subject of the sign painter, they were less eccentric than previous times; yet the heavy boots, with their formidable spurs, were effective objects for representation. Much might be said as to the symbolic importance attached to the shoe from the earliest ages. In the words of Holy Writ—"Over Edom will I cast out my shoe"—we find a reference to an eastern custom indicative of placing in subjection. The Jews take off the shoe in token of sealing a covenant; and in common with Hindoos and Musselmans, as a mark of respect. The former used to throw a shoe after a bride to show that they renounced all care of or right over to another; and we derive this custom ourselves from our Saxon ancestors, who presented a daughter's shoe to the bridegroom on her marriage.

Amongst other articles of clothing, that have figured in emblematic partings in streets and highways, there were the "Child's Coat," the "Minister's Gown," the "Doublet," the "Bony Cravat," "Blue Stoops," "Breeches and Glove," and "Cotton Breeches." The hostelry known as "The Tabard," in Southwark, was famous in history from being patronised by the Canterbury Pilgrims. Prior to that time it belonged to the Abbot of Hyde, temp. Edward I., who purchased the property for the convent, 1304.

Stowe speaks of "The Tabard Inn," and describes the sign. It was suspended across the road on two uprights, and bore an inscription commemorative of the resting there of Sir Jeffersey Chaucer, and the nine and twenty pilgrims, 1388. The name of the inn representing the original structure has been corrupted to the "Talbot."

"The Anodyne Necklace," a famous and popular medium for the cure of a number of bodily ills in the eighteenth century, finds a place amongst sign devices, and so do the fan, purse, ring, and golden ring, the pincushion, and the still more common and modern umbrella.

ILLUSIONS.—Do we not dwell amid a world peopled with them, and do we not find, almost without exception, the illusions a thousand-fold more bright, more beautiful than the realities? Youth wears, indeed, a mystic veil, and the object viewed through it shine ever with the rainbow hues. The dull, cold, hard realities surrounding us—the occurrences that to the disenchanted are tiresome and common-place—beheld through youth's trustful eyes, wear a glow and glory eclipsed by nothing else in the world! Ah! never, though year after year speed by, and we, growing old, prove sadly they are visions only, can we forget their wondrous loveliness—the charm which enwrapped them, or the homage we rendered them, near or afar off! It took so little, so very little, to make the eye gleam with pleasure, the cheek to flush with pride and joy, or the heart to quicken its throbbing, in the enchanted days. Why is it that we are half-indifferent now to praise or blame? When our joys were in the distance they gleamed with a thousand roseate hues; but as they come nearer their deep tints grow pale and wan, and when at least we touch them, only shadows linger in our clasp. From time to time our illusions are dispelled. Each perished dream leaves in its stead something of distrust and bitterness; and we wonder sadly if the change is in others, or if we are changed? Has the bud, so full of promise and sweetness, developed into such acrid fruit uninviting to the eye, and nauseous to the taste? Though the veil which lent to these glimmering visions their rare loveliness be lifted, and we see, with the eyes of hardly gained wisdom, what once we deemed so fair, now dark, common place, and utterly devoid of a single grace—yet let us forbear to dispel the charm which encircles as with a halo, each object the eye of youth rests upon. The great world will never lie gleaming before us like an enchanted picture but once—and we shall tire sometimes of looking at the never paling stars seen through a mist of tears. The flowers we gathered in the morning will be crushed and broken ere night—and night comes so soon to us all!

MARRIED LIFE.—Deceive not one another in small things, nor in great. One little single falsehood has before now disturbed a whole married life. A small cause has often great consequences. Fold not the arms together and sit idle. Do not run much from home. One's own health is of more worth than gold. Many a marriage begins like rosy morning, and then falls away like a snow wreath. And why? Because the married pair neglect to be as well pleasing to each other after marriage as before. Endeavor always to please one another; but, at the same time, lavish not all your love on to day, for remember that marriage has its to morrow likewise, and its day after to morrow, too! "Spare," as one may say, "fuel for the winter." Consider what the word "wife" expresses. The married woman is the husband's domestic faith; in her hand he must be able to confide house and family; be able to trust her with the key of his heart, as well as the key of his house.

M. S.

It is said that William Astor proposes to build a $250,000 hotel in Jacksonville, Fla.

Scientific and Useful.

HEMP PLANTS.—Hemp plants are recommended to be cultivated in the vineyards, orchards, etc., for the banishment or destruction of noxious insects. It is said there are no harmful insects in hemp fields.

BLUE INK.—Three drachms of Chinese Blue (ferrocyanide of iron) are to be bound up with one drachm of binoxalate of potash, and seven ounces of water. Usually a little gum (one drachm) is added to these quantities.

RED STAIN FOR IVORY.—Procure from a tailor some shreds or pieces of scarlet cloth; boil a handful of them in a pint of water, into which a few pieces of alum should be thrown. Immerse the ivory in this and boil until the required tint is obtained.

LANGUAGE AMONG ANIMALS.—Some scientists hold that language in its broad meaning has its rudimentary framework in the lower animals. The parrot, they say, has a vocal apparatus of the most perfect kind, and it can gather through its ear the most delicate intonations of the human voice, which it can imitate perfectly by continued labor, and retain them in its memory. It is also able to associate certain words with the persons who have uttered them, and even invent sounds corresponding to those which are given out by objects, etc.

OXIDE OF CARBON.—Recent experiments have shown that the poisonous effects of oxide of carbon are much more virulent than were supposed—that is, any man or animal that breathes during half an hour an atmosphere containing 1.779 parts of oxide of carbon absorbs a sufficient quantity of this gas to make half the red globules of his blood become incapable of absorbing oxygen. And these experiments demonstrate the danger of several sorts of stoves. Whenever there is an incomplete combustion of coal oxide of carbon is invariably produced.

FLOATING FIGHTING ISLAND.—A floating fighting island is the term applied to a new armor-clad vessel, for the construction of which a Scotch ship-building firm has received an order. This vessel is to be 500 feet long, to have a displacement of 17,000 tons, and to be propelled by engines indicating 10,000 horse power. With an average draught of 22 feet, this craft will have a beam not much less than 75 feet to get the stated displacement. She will be like no other ship. She will show no side to the sea, as her upper deck, rising from the water's edge to the middle, flatly curved, will form both side and deck, and resemble the upper shell of a tortoise. She will, in a word, resemble a floating island, up whose sloping beach the waves will wash, rather than a ship.

FOR THE BALD.—A singular action of pilocarpine has recently been made known. In the course of his ophthalmic practice a well known physician had two cases in which the patients were bald, and found that after the use of subcutaneous injections of hydro-chlorate of pilocarpine (with the object of causing absorption of inflammatory residue within the eye) the scalp rapidly became covered with young downy hairs. In one of these cases a man sixty years of age had his head covered in four months, partly with gray and partly with black hairs of considerable growth, so as quite to hide his previous baldness. If this stimulant action on the hair bulbs be proved to generally follow the use of jaborandi or its alkaloid (pilocarpine) a rapid increase in the demand for the latter may soon be expected.

Farm and Garden.

NEW CORN.—A new kind of corn, with bright purple husks, has been discovered among the mountains in Georgia. The housewives use the husks to make a purple dye.

REMOVING TREES.—It has been decided abroad that in removing large trees it is not necessary to take a large ball of earth with the tree. To comb the soil away from the roots, injuring them as little as possible, is now practiced with great success.

SPARE MILK.—If you have any milk to spare—that is, more than you want to feed to the swine, after home treatment, convert it into curd, and see how eagerly the hens will consume it, and how they will thrive upon it into the bargain.

FODDER AND STOCK.—It takes more fodder to keep stock barely alive in a cold barn, into which the snow drives, and through which the wind whistles, than it does to keep it thrifty and in good flesh in a warm stable, where the manure will not freeze.

CONFINING POULTRY.—In Europe close confinement has marked effect on the fertility of the fowl; in France it has been found that when fowls were allowed considerable freedom, 20 per cent. only of their eggs failed to hatch; with less freedom, 40 per cent. failed; and in close confinement, 80 per cent.

BREEDING SHEEP.—Sheep bred on rich pastures are more likely to produce twin lambs than those gaining a scanty subsistence in less favored localities. It is said that among the barren hills of the west of Scotland, two lambs will be born by about one ewe in twenty, whereas in England something like one ewe in three will bear two lambs.

FUCHSIAS.—In the west of England fuchsias attain to the height of eight and ten feet, noble pyramids of leaves and flowers. This is not owing to any specialty as regards climate or position. They grow best in a shady place. In England they are left out all winter, carefully covered with coal ashes, and thus they attain to great vigor and furnish thrifty slips for pot plants.

ARTIFICIAL MANURES.—It is found in England that many of the artificial manures act chiefly as a stimulant, and that after a time the land refuses to answer the spur. This is most apparent on the poor and lighter soils, but even strong land loses heart unless a fair proportion of farm-yard manure is applied. The loudest agricultural complaints in Great Britain are from districts where scientific farming has been carried to its highest pitch, such as the Scotch Lothians, and in Norfolk.

DON'T.—Don't point your gun at yourself. Don't point your gun at any one else. Don't carry your gun so that its range includes all your hunting companions. Don't try to find out whether your gun is loaded or not by shutting one eye and looking down the barrel with the other. Don't use your gun for a walking stick. Don't climb over a fence and put your gun through muzzle foremost. Don't throw your gun into a boat so that the trigger will catch on the seat, and the charge be deposited in your stomach. Don't use your gun for a sledge-hammer. Don't carry your gun full cocked. Don't carry your gun with the hammer down.

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SATURDAY EVENING, NOV. 15, 1879.

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NEWS ITEMS, MISCELLANY and POETRY.

GOOD NATURE.

BE good-natured if you can, for there is no attraction so great, no charm so admirable. A face that is full of expression of amiability is always beautiful. It needs no paint and no powders. Cosmetics are superfluous for it. Rouge cannot improve its cheeks, nor lily-white mend its complexion. Its loveliness lies beyond all this. It is not the beauty that is but skin deep. For when you gaze into the face of a noble-hearted woman, it is not the shape of the features that you really see, nor yet the tint of the cheek, the hue of the lip, or the brilliance of the eye; you see the nameless something which animates all these, and leaves for your instinct a sense of grateful fascination; you see an indescribable embodiment of a heartfelt goodness within, which wins your regard in spite of external appearance. Cultivate good nature, therefore. It is better than "apples of gold set in silver;" for gold will take to itself wings and fly away, silver will tarnish in time, and both, when abundant, lose their comparative value; but good-nature never—never deteriorates in worth—never abandons its possessor to the mental poverty of the malicious—never loses its hold upon the esteem of the world. It is always in fashion and always in season. Everybody admires it. Everybody praises it. Everybody is in love with it. It never grows stale. It costs little to acquire, and nothing to keep. Yet it is beyond diamonds in its worth to its owners, and can neither be stolen, nor lost, however neglected. Surely this is a jewel that merits a search; and when found, merits protection.

HEADS and hearts are the symbols of intelligence and affection. From time immemorial nations and races have looked upon the head as the fountain of thought and the home of reason; but to the heart they referred emotions, passions, love, feeling, and affection. The orator, the philosopher have appealed to the head or heart according as they wished to shed light on the reason, or give action or direction to the will of man. And what does this constant and unchangeable and unquestioned usage teach us? It shows us that the head is the instrument of affection. Consequently the head and the heart are symbols of what is noblest and best. By means of heads and hearts what is earthly, material, and corporeal, elevates us to what is unearthly, immaterial, and spiritual.

MANY regard will or strength of character as a natural gift—that is a fallacy. It is an acquired power. No man is born stronger than another; we are all created weak alike, and it rests with us whether we remain so or not. All that the trainers of our early youth can do for us is to instil into our minds principles, show us what a thing character is, and exhort us to mould our own after it. They cannot give us will. We must determine to have it, and hold to our resolve. If we do that we shall be all right.

SANCTUM CHAT.

LOCOMOTIVES are used on canal towpaths of France. They are of light build, not weighing over four or five tons, and are managed easily by one man. Barges are thus drawn at a speed of two miles an hour, but a greater speed would damage the banks of the canal.

—

THE Chinese are doing religious missionary work in a way that must make Christians feel uncomfortable. The people of the Chinese province of Yunan are in part Mohammedans. An imperial decree offers freedom from taxation to every Mohammedan who renounces his faith and swears by Confucius. Beautiful new idols are also to be given as rewards for proselytes.

—

THE year 1879 will be notable in the financial history of the country for the inflation of the currency which has taken place, chiefly by the aid of specie. Estimating for the remainder of the year from present indications, the net income will be as follows: Gold produced in the United States, $30,000 000; gold imported, $55,000,000; silver dollars coined, $24,000 000; new bank circulation issued, $18,000,000; total, $127,000,000.

—

AN attempt is making in England to complete an authorized system of East Indian orthography. The more or less phonetic spelling of the early English soldiers and adventurers has been so hopelessly upset by the modern scholars, who make the confusion worse by differing among themselves as to the English equivalents, that a reform once for all will be welcome to students of that interesting portion of the world whose maps are such a mass of contradictions in spelling.

—

IT was mentioned a short time ago that a marvellous remedy against tuberculosis, or consumption, had been discovered in the *Natrea benzoicum*. A medical journal, published in Vienna, states that since the promulgation of this tidings the Vienna apothecaries are scarcely able to satisfy the numerous and increasing demands for this drug, which is being applied in the wildest extent. Several weeks of inhalation, several times in the day, are said to have produced results which would have been thought incredible beforehand.

—

SOMEBODY has collected several very curious facts about the cost of books in early times, and in the light of them, who shall say that books now-a-days are not cheap? The King of Northumberland in 600 gave for a history of the world 800 acres of land, and a Countess of Anjou, date not stated, once gave 200 sheep and a large parcel of furs for a volume of homilies, and 120 crowns for a single book of Livy! In 1720 a Latin Bible was valued at $150, and this was at a time when two arches of London Bridge were built for less than $150.

—

A MOVEMENT has been started for the celebration in England, in June next year, of the centenary of the establishment of Sunday-schools, and with that object in view the Committee of the Sunday-school Union are already taking active steps. The programme, so far as it can at present be decided upon, will include a great international convention of Sunday-school workers and friends, to which meeting representatives from all parts of the world will be invited; the unveiling of a bronze statue of Robert Raikes, of Gloucester, the founder of the movement; gathering of teachers and scholars at the Crystal Palace and elsewhere, and a musical festival at the Royal Albert Hall.

—

A NEW system of improved street lighting by gas has been tested at Bristol, England. The present burner is retained, but the light is divided into two jets, between which and placed in each street lamp is suspended a double convex lens, forming a powerful reflector, and the result is found to be an increase of lighting power to the extent of fifty per cent. Ordinary bat-wing burners are used, and the only care required to insure a perfect light is a nice adjustment of the suspended lens, so as to get the right focus and the full reflection of the light. When this is secured the jets, even at a distance are very brilliant and have the appearance of globes of light. They illumine the footpath between each lamp with much of the effect of the electric light, and the plan consumes no more gas than at present. Bristol is to put the new system into general use.

—

AN eminent physician gives a report on vaccination which fully proves its efficacy in preventing small-pox. The report in question is based upon twelve hundred and twenty-seven cases of this terrible disease, treated by him. It appears that in the case of those who had never been vaccinated, no less than sixty-five per cent. died. Next it appears that of those who were properly vaccinated in infancy, and whose arms showed "good marks," only about nine out of every hundred died. Where the marks of vaccination were "fair," but not "good," about sixteen cases out of every hundred resulted in death. Where the marks were "poor," showing the vaccination in infancy to have been very imperfect, about twenty-two died out of every hundred. These are very important results, demonstrating the protection afforded by vaccination, and proving that the protection is greatest where the vaccination is done most effectively.

—

AN able writer has recently tried to prove a kind of music in odors. That is, different odors, according to him, affect the olfactory nerve in various degrees, corresponding to those in which sound affects the auditory nerve. Thus we may have octaves of odors. He enumerates various substances that produce the same impression, but in different degrees; for instance, these four—almond, heliotrope, vanilla, and clematis. By combination he obtains semi-odors, corresponding to semi-tones; for instance, a rose with a geranium. He points out principles of harmony in perfumes corresponding to those in colors, and thinks it possible to produce a desired perfume from a mixture of others. The theory is ingenious and worthy of attention, but it is open to grave objections. For the harmony in colors and sounds depends on exact numerical relations, which may be accurately determined; whereas, in the case of smell, the criterion is capricious and uncertain, and it is not possible to reduce to formula what our sense reveals.

—

THERE are many uses of the lemon. Here are some of them: Lemonade is one of the best and safest drinks for any person, whether in health or not. It is suitable to all stomach diseases, is excellent in sickness—in cases of jaundice, gravel, liver complaint, inflammation of the bowels and fevers. It is a specific against worms and skin complaints. The pippins crushed may also be used with water and sugar as a drink. Lemon juice is the best anti-scorbutic remedy known. It not only cures the disease, but prevents it. Sailors make a daily use of it for this purpose. A physician suggests rubbing of the gums daily with lemon juice to keep them in health. The hands and nails are also kept clean, white, soft and supple by the daily use of lemons instead of soap. It also prevents chilblains. Lemon is used in intermittent fevers mixed with strong, hot, black tea or coffee, without sugar. Neuralgia may be cured by rubbing the part affected with a lemon. It is valuable also to cure warts and to destroy dandruff on the head by rubbing the roots of the hair with it. In fact its uses are manifold, and the more we employ it externally the better we shall find ourselves.

—

THEY have no civil damage act in Germany, but even there the necessity of some restriction upon the sale of alcoholic liquors to such as have not sufficient discretion to use them properly appears to be conceded. In various districts, by authority of general instructions proceeding from the Government, the police have prohibited tavern-keepers from selling or otherwise furnishing to minors under the age of sixteen, apprentices, or persons mentally deranged or weak, any distilled spirituous liquors of whatever description, and a similar prohibition will apply to sales to confirmed drunkards, whenever the names of these latter have been given to the liquor venders with a proper caution. Disobedience of these orders will be punished by fine and imprisonment; but they are not intended to apply to the sale of beer, the consumption of which has never been found to cause injury to anybody. The police orders are to be posted in a prominent place in every tavern. This news must make German liquor-sellers in America feel less persecuted and forlorn.

—

HERR RICHARD WAGNER is a person terrifying to the librettist. Roche's description of a day passed with the composer, the former hammering out the words, the latter the music, is very entertaining. Wagner arrived at seven o'clock, and they worked without respite until midday. Roche bent over his desk writing and erasing; Wagner strode to and fro, bright of eye, vehement of gesture, shouting, singing, striking the piano and constantly bidding poor Roche, "Go on! go on!" An hour or two after noon Roche, hungry and exhausted, let fall his pen, almost fainting. "What is the matter?" asked the composer. "I am hungry." "True; I had forgotten all about that; let us have a hurried snack and go on again." Night came and found them still at work. "I was shattered, stupefied," says Roche. "My head burned, my temples throbbed. I was half mad with my wild search after strange words to fit the strange music. He was erect still, vigorous and fresh as when we commenced our task, walking up and down, striking his infernal piano, terrifying me at last, as I perceived dancing about me on every side his eccentric shadow cast by the fantastic reflections of the lamp, and crying to me ever 'Go on! go on!' while trumpeting in my ears cabalistic words and supernatural music."

—

IN the Plotzen Lake, which is not far from Berlin, and the depth of which is very considerable, an interesting attempt has been made to raise sunken vessels. The method, which is the invention of a Vienna civil engineer, consists in applying carbonic acid in the following manner:—In an empty balloon a bottle half filled with sulphuric acid, surrounded with a salt, is fixed; the bottle is destroyed by turning a screw, and the two substances mix and produce carbonic acid, which fills the balloon. It is obvious that when this apparatus is brought into operation in the hull of a sunken ship, the effect must be, if a sufficient number of balloons are filled, to raise the vessel. In the experiments on the Plotzen Lake, a small vessel or boat weighing several hundred weight was first sunk. A diver then went down with the necessary apparatus, which he set in operation in the interior of the ship. Hardly had he done so before the vessel began to rise to the surface, where it was maintained by the balloons. In a second experiment five heavy sacks filled with sand were thrown overboard in a part of the lake which was some twenty-five yards deep. The diver descended, fastened all the sacks together, and fixing the balloon apparatus to them, set it going, with the effect that the whole of the sacks were brought up to the surface.

—

A DUEL with pistols, such as in Germany generally terminates fatally to one or other of the combatants, was triumphantly frustrated last week in the neighborhood of Berlin by the energy and resolution of a lady, the wife of one of the principals, and the original cause of the difference which led to a challenge being offered and accepted. Both of the would-be duellists were officers; one the husband of the lady in question, a captain of infantry on active service, the other a lieutenant of the reserve forces. The place chosen for the meeting was a drive in Count Buch's woods, between Schonerlinde and Franzosische-Buchhols. Principals, seconds and an army surgeon were on the ground; the distance had been duly paced off, and the pistols were being loaded, when the lady suddenly appeared upon the scene, stepped quickly up to her husband's second, who was engaged in preparing the weapons for combat, snatched a pistol from his hand, and, directing the muzzle toward her bosom, declared with a passionate adjuration that she would discharge the contents into her own heart unless the projected duel was at once given up. So heroic a proceeding on her part of course left no choice to the gentlemen concerned in the affair, and the whole party returned peaceably to Berlin. The wife had suspected her husband's homicidal intention and followed him from his house, unseen by him or his seconds, in a swift droschky, to the place of meeting. All honor to her for the courage and presence of mind she displayed under circumstances calculated to shake the nerve of the bravest woman.

TO MY LOVE.

BY FANNIE C. POE.

Love, if I to-night should die,
My spirit upward would not fly;
After shifting off the clay,
And putting every sin away,
From the galling bonds set free,
Outward then 'twould soar to thee.

It would enter in thy breast,
And with thine lie down to rest;
Then both purified and free,
When He, the Master, calleth thee,
Upward to the heights they'd soar,
And dwell in bliss for evermore.

A Bunch of Violets.

BY J. E. T.

I say, will you lend me a hand, please?—I'm in a mess!"

It was a small, boyish voice, that rose somewhat shrilly above the clamor of the birds, and the babbling of the river over which the owner of the voice hung suspended. His arms were thrown round a branch, that bent with his weight. His trim suit of black velvet was the worse for brambles, and his scarlet cap had badges of a mossy green hue upon it.

The wanderer in the wood below looked up smiling, and said, "Keep a firm grip a moment longer, my man. Now then, hold me fast—that's right. And now tell me what a wee laddie like you can be doing all alone in the wood?"

The boy did not answer; he was busy examining his torn knickerbockers and the patches on his cap. He shook his head at the rents and began rubbing the cap with his sleeve.

"I'm in for a row," he said, speculatively; "but I should have got a ducking as well if you hadn't passed by. I must have dropped soon—splash—see here!"

The stranger took the little delicate, childish hand in his, and saw that the fingers were grazed and bleeding. "Poor little man!" said he.

"Oh, that's nothing, you know. But I'm forgetting. Thank you for pulling me down. Let me see, now," said the small man, gravely—"I don't know your face. You don't belong to Corven?"

"No," was the reply.

"A stranger?" said the boy. "From a long way off, eh?"

"Pretty well," was the reply. "But do your friends know you are here by yourself?"

"Oh, they know I'm somewhere about," replied the boy; "but of course I shall tell them all about it. That is our house—you can see a bit of the chimneys through the trees. It used to be a farm-house. But my father doesn't farm, he's a gentleman. Do you have to do anything?—to work, I mean—or are you a gentleman?"

The stranger laughed, a low, quiet laugh, like a musical note. It seemed to strike even the boy, for he stopped rubbing his cap to look curiously into his companion's face. Involuntarily, however, as he looked into the stranger's face, he drew nearer, and touched the knapsack that was slung over one shoulder.

"I didn't mean that you mightn't be a gentleman, of course," said he; "but then you carry that yourself. Papa doesn't carry his. My name is Antony, but they call me Tony; what is yours? because I shall have to tell about you."

"My name is Noel Caperne," replied the gentleman, "and I do work for my living. I am an artist."

"Oh," said he, "an artist! Well, I tell you what, it would be very jolly if you would come home with me. Papa won't scold me before a stranger. Aunt Lucy would like to thank you. She's fond of me, though she is a bit sharp, sometimes. You won't? I must go, then. Good-bye, Mr. Caperne."

The lad went a few steps and turned irresolutely; then he ran back.

"I forgot to shake hands," said he. "I say, I've got a box of colors, myself, and I should like to see what sort of a hand you are at painting. I almost always bring Aunt Lucy to the wood some time in the day; she likes it. If I come to-morrow will you bring me a picture to look at—a swell one?"

Mr. Caperne put his hand on the child's scarlet cap with a smile.

"I shall be miles away to-morrow, laddie. Good-bye, and don't climb. There might not always be a chance wanderer at hand to help you down."

* * * * *

The Spring air was very sweet in Corven Wood; and the birds sang to the accompaniment of the rippling river with a jolly abandon that must have fascinated the strange artist. At any rate something did; since he was not miles away on the morrow. He was in the wood again; oddly enough, at about the same hour and place that had found him there the day before. All at once he put his bearded chin into his hands, and bent a perplexed frown upon the river.

"There's something in his face I've seen before," said the artist to himself. "I wonder what it is. A fancy of mine, perhaps. Don't believe that though. Whatever it is, circumstances not pleasant have to do with it. I am a fool."

At this point Mr. Caperne heard voices, and paused. A little below him there was a turn in the path, over which the branches, leafless though they were, fell so thickly that he dared to look between them without being seen; and there was Tony, velvet-coated, red capped, and long-tongued. Mr. Caperne saw something else also, which appeared to him more worthy of attention; only a young girl, with a bunch of violets in her hand, early violets, and sweet, so far as he could judge, since each one traveled to her lips before it was arranged in its place amongst the tiny bits of moss which served as a foil to the blossoms.

Suddenly the girl looked up, and Mr. Noel Caperne drew back, and went away down the path with noiseless footsteps. He went to his room in the queer old inn by the river, and looked at the knapsack, which lay ready for him, but he did not take it up. He threw open the casement instead, and learned out over the river, where it ran, dark and sullen, under stone arches, and the distant rush of a mill-wheel reached him. But these things were only palpable to him vaguely. What he really saw with his discerning mind's eye was the picture of a girlish face bent over a bunch of violets; and as this rose before him, Mr. Caperne brought his eyebrows together, and said, impatiently, "Where have I seen it before?"

* * * * *

The mill-wheel sang on its monotone, and the woods began to have a suspicion of green about them; still the strange gentleman stayed on at the clumsy old inn by the river. People talked about him curiously, and the landlady hinted that her guest must be in love, because he was always mooning about by the waterside in Corven Wood. He was doing some bit of a painting too, she thought; but what it was she could not get at to see, for he always locked it up when he went for these rambles.

Yes, Mr. Caperne was painting, and he now worked at the picture for an hour diligently. When he stopped to examine his progress, the corners of his mouth turned down with an expression which was not so much annoyance as perplexity. A girlish face was there, bent over a bunch of violets, a perfect likeness in feature and coloring; but that one expression which had so struck and haunted him, the artist could not paint.

To-day Mr. Caperne had been disappointed. Corven Wood was as bright as ever, but there was no fairy. He began to wonder if it were yet too late. How could he possibly finish his picture without another look of the original? And then there was the chance that they might meet—accidentally, of course, and the possibility that she would look up and give him a bow in passing; for Master Tony had found out his rescuer, and darted upon him with noisy glee, and a noisier introduction to Aunt Lucy. It was incumbent upon the artist to lose no chance of making his work as perfect as he could. By this time he had crossed the bridge, and was entering the little footpath that led to Corven Wood.

He remembered afterwards that some sudden presentiment quickened at once his pulses and his steps as he drew near the spot where the path fell deeply down to the river; and a mental speech of his own made some days before, came across his brain like a flash of fateful meaning.

"The lad is always climbing," he had said to himself, as he watched the little figure swinging like a monkey from branch to branch. "Shouldn't wonder if I have to fish him out some day yet."

And so he had. Almost as soon as the splash and cry reached him, Mr. Caperne was in the water, seeing, as he sprang, the red cap dangling in its mocking vividness from a bramble above him. It was comparatively easy to lift the drenched boy into a position to be helped to land by the girl standing on the river's brink; but Mr. Caperne did this with his left arm, for somehow his right was powerless. And then a sudden faintness came over him; sparks danced before his eyes; the noise and rush of the mill-wheel seemed to draw nearer, deafening him; and he knew no more.

When Mr. Caperne awoke to full consciousness he was in bed in a room which turned round with him the first few moments, and then was steady again; and at the foot of his bed there was a sturdy little chap cutting a stick, and whistling softly to himself. Mr Caperne again closed his eyes. He began to have a confused recollection of lying on a moss covered bank; of feeling soft hands chafing his own; of a passing glimpse into eyes darkened with anxiety, anxiety for him. He raised the hand that had been so chafed, and passed it across his lips, softly; and it seemed to him that the odor of the violets lingered about it still. A little while longer he lay and watched the cutting of the stick, till the boy, turning suddenly, said. "Hollo!" and began clambering upon the bed.

"You're to hush, you know," he said, with all the grave authority of a young physician. "But you're better. I'm jolly glad! Now I must go and tell——"

"Wait one moment, Tony," said Mr. Caperne. "Tell me what it's all about—and how long I've been here—and where is 'here?' It's not the inn?"

The boy laughed, and then brought his lips together with an odd contortion.

"I'm not to laugh," said he—"I don't think I ought to speak. You're sure it won't hurt you?"

"Quite sure," replied Mr. Caperne.

"Well, then" said the boy, "you fished me out of the Cor, and broke your arm. And you'd been all right long since, but they said fever super—something. Oh, haven't you talked nonsense, just! There now, you're going red. I shall so catch it!"

"One word more," said Mr. Caperne, "is this your home?"

"To be sure it is," replied Tony.

"Ah!" sighed Mr. Caperne.

The lad jumped down from the bed with as little bustle as was consistent with his turbulent nature, and went away, shutting the door gently after him; but the unwonted caution was lost upon Mr. Caperne, for he lay with his eyes closed, dreaming.

"You fished me out of the Cor, and broke your arm."

Who talks about the monotonous dreariness of a sick chamber? Mr. Caperne would have spurned the notion if he had not been too utterly languid and lazy for so much exertion. Day after day he felt the latent life coming back to him as he lay there, dreaming. Pleasant dreams, but foolish, perhaps—who knows? He never took the trouble to consider. He had a vision of a gentle old lady with grey curls and a rather foreign air, whom Tony introduced as "Granny," and who purred about him in his convalescence as though her whole heart were in his comfort and recovery. He remembered trying to utter his thanks to her; breaking down signally, and then feeling his lips silenced by the touch of the kind old hand upon them.

"You will say no thanks, *mon fils*," said the old lady, stroking his hair as if he had been a child. "You saved our boy; and, madcap as he is, we can never repay you for that."

"If I might see my kind host," pleaded Mr. Caperne, "and assure him that I am sensible of his hospitality——"

"That, you perceive is impossible, since my son is from home," said the old lady. "He is away, and will probably remain away for the next month, so that my patient must be content with his nurse for the present. Now I go to see after luncheon."

Mr. Caperne looked after her with a smile, and the grey curls that always shook and quivered when she talked seemed to have a sort of halo round them. He was dimly happy. The thought of his lonely wandering life, and of returning to it, did come upon him sometimes with a strange sinking of the heart, but he shook it off. He knew whose hands gathered the flowers that decked his table. They brought a sort of mist into the room, out of which there came again to him the eyes saddened with anxiety and the shadowy touch of a soft hand upon his own. He got to know in a roundabout way at what hour Aunt Lucy was accustomed to gather these flowers, and then he never rested until they let him get up and sit by the window, where he could see her without being seen.

One day, in his absorption, Mr. Caperne bent forward to the front of the window, and Aunt Lucy looked up suddenly and saw him. It might have been the pathetic appeal of his pale face and the coat-sleeve which hung at his side empty; at any rate, Lucy waved her hand with a smile that moved him like sweet music. After this he used to look out for her eagerly, and that little recognition grew to be the event of his day, the one great centre round which all other circumstances clustered vaguely, insignificant accessories, until the day came when he was to be allowed to go down stairs for the first time.

Aunt Lucy was standing beside an open French window when Mr. Caperne went into the drawing-room, and he knew at once that the easy chair drawn up near her was for him, for the man whose past had been a hard battle single-armed, upon whose life for many a weary year had fallen no touch of gentle fingers, no whisper of womanly solicitude.

Mr. Caperne saw this in his one hurried glance. He will see it many a time in days to come. It became for him one of those photographs which the brain has a trick of taking for our ceaseless torment of happiness. She came forward to meet him, holding out her hand.

"You have been imprudent," said Lucy, quietly. "My mother should have kept you prisoner a little longer, though I know how weary the days must be."

It was the voice he had heard in the wood, nearer to him now, speaking to him, and about him.

"Weary!" repeated Mr. Caperne, slowly. "I think they have been the happiest days I ever spent."

She turned from him half smiling, as Tony gave vent to a whistle of boyish contempt for such an idea of happiness.

"In that case it was lucky I dropped into the Cor," said Tony. "But it is an odd notion. I know I shouldn't like it; and I'm sure Aunt Lucy wouldn't, either. Why, she's out all day long, amongst the flowers, or the pigeons, or the green ducks! Mr. Caperne. You wouldn't believe what a quacking they set up at the sight of us! But you shall see them. Here comes granny; and now, Aunt Lucy, go to the piano, and we'll have a jolly evening."

Mr Caperne leaned back in his chair, and listened. When the music ceased, and he looked up, the clicking of madame's knitting needles ceased too, abruptly. She gave him a little peremptory nod from her seat in the corner, rose up briskly, like the resolute nurse she was, and then he knew that his evening was over, and he was to be sent away.

* * * * *

"I would rather live than merely exist," said Mr. Caperne a few days later. "If the pains are keener, so are the joys."

He did not at once get an answer from Lucy, for the "green" ducks were about her feet; gobbling up her bounty with noisy enjoyment, while Tony threw stones into the pool for a drenched retriever to bring out. Mr. Caperne might have gone on with his philosophy, but Lucy gave him her empty basket, saying lightly—"That's a slur on my poor ducks, I suppose. It is getting late, Mr. Caperne, and the little Cor hangs out foggy signals. You had better go in."

Mr. Noel Caperne followed, not quite satisfied. He wanted to say something about going away; for of course, now that he was comparatively strong again, there was no excuse for remaining; but, somehow, the words would not come. He looked back on the days that had passed since he first left his sick room, and wondered to find that he could not count them. He had had his puzzles and perplexities. It occured to him one day, with a sudden sense of awkwardness, that he had never known by what name to thank his good Samaritans. When he spoke of this, stammering, Tony broke in a wild fit of nonsense, which madame checked with an uplifted finger, and a curious compression of her lips.

"You are not to thank us at all, sir. I thought I had made that plain. As to names," she went on, after a little pause, "you will say Aunt Lucy and Granny, as Tony does; or you may call me madame, after my son's fashion, if you prefer it. I am French, you know—at least I was. You should feel at home with us now, *mon fils*."

"Madame," said Mr Caperne, "you have been everything to me—more than I have words to express."

He was in an abnormal and unreasoning state of mind. With Lucy he had arrived at that stage when it seems impossible to make use of any name at all, and by-and-by he forgot all about it. To-night, as he took his usual seat at the window and watched her closing it carefully to shut out the river fog for his sake, Mr. Caperne turned away with a great sigh, the meaning of which Tony instantly demanded.

"I'm like a spoilt child, my boy, that's all," replied the artist. "It's time to go back to school, and I'm fractious that my holiday is over."

"Holiday, indeed!" repeated Tony. "And what do you want to leave us for? Hasn't Granny been good to you?"

"Only too good," he replied.

"And haven't I?" said Tony. "And hasn't Aunt Lucy? I say she has, although you wouldn't give her the portrait, you know."

Involuntarily the two looked at each other. Mr Caperne had finished his picture, and meant to keep it; but when Lucy begged for a copy of the bunch of violets, what could he do but put his heart and soul into each tiny blossom as it rose to life under his hand?

"I tell you it isn't everybody that she cuts the choice flowers for," continued the boy. "Don't you like us, Mr. Caperne?"

"Yes, Tony," he replied.

"Then what's the good of going away?" said Tony. "It's a curious thing now, isn't it?" continued the young philosopher, catching Lucy's dress. "Why does one like people?"

She only laughed and said it was a question for the chemists, but Noel Caperne raised his head quickly at that.

"You wouldn't put the wine of life into an alembic, would you?" said he. "We don't want that analysed, I think."

He saw the faint color pass over her cheek, and leave it pale again, but she did not answer.

"To be sure," proceeded Tony, returning to the subject; "perhaps you do find it a bit dull with Granny and Aunt Lucy, but then there's me. And I can show you lots of jolly places where womankind would be afraid to venture. You don't know what cowards they are. You haven't any belonging to you?"

The painter's face grew dark. "No, laddie," he replied, "I had a sister once."

"Had you?" said Tony. "Was she like you? Were you fond of her?"

Mr Caperne saw Lucy touch the boy's lips with her finger, and he bent forward in a sudden tumult of gratitude.

"Shall I tell you about her?"

"If you will," said Tony.

"Well then," he began, "My little sister was not strong, and we used to spend the hot months by the seaside. Well, in one of those months I found out that a chance acquaintance had become more to her than ever I could be or had been. You will understand that it seemed a little hard at first. She was all I had to care for in the world. The stranger was poor, but spoke largely of his hopes for the future; he was a lawyer. I did what I could. I stipulated for a year's grace in which to test that large language of his, and they parted. There was a little old church standing on the top of a hill, which my sister had always preferred to the more fashionable and crowded town churches below. It was there I found her that evening when he was gone; her two hands resting on the churchyard wall, and her face looking out seaward towards the sunset; but when she turned at my foot step I knew the light that shone there was not for me any more.

"My story is not a new one. There came letters, often at first, then more seldom; at last they ceased. Twelve months after the parting in the churchyard I read of that man's marriage. He had sold himself for money. You will think, perhaps, that I should consider this giving me back my sister, and be glad; but there is a little more to tell. She was very patient and good, his name was never mentioned between us, but I knew what those solitary walks meant. I could read the listless far-away eyes that needed many words from me before they could be called back to any present interest.

"I thought I would work hard for a short time, and then take my sister abroad amongst new scenes; but I never did it. One day I heard my study door open softly, and my poor little girl stood beside me like the pale patient ghost of what she had once been.

"'Noel,' she said, 'don't be angry with me, I want to see the little church on the hill once again.'

"I drew her down close to me and spoke of my scheme, but she only shook her head sadly, and laid it on my shoulder like a tired child.

"'Noel,'" she said, "I want to tell you something, and you must not think I am fanciful. I believe I am very ill—dying. Let me see the church once more."

Mr. Caperne stopped a moment to stroke the curly head on which his hand was rested.

"I knew what was in her mind then," he resumed; "but I could not thwart her, and I was right. I left my sister at rest in the little churchyard on the hill, just where she leaned over the wall one balmy evening, looking out into the sunlit West; and the waves must rock her to sleep," finished Mr. Caperne, softly.

"Now, is it any wonder that I was a murderer at heart?" he said. "I wandered to and fro over the earth seeking vengeance, but I have never found him yet."

"Mr. Caperne," said Lucy, slowly, "have you forgiven?"

He looked up at her with a strange mixture of wistfulness and determination in his face.

"No, I am not a murderer now," he replied; "but I will tell you what I have done. I have knelt on the grave in the little churchyard and vowed a vow never to touch the hand of this man or any belonging to him in fellowship; to remember, as long as I live, that there is blood between us."

Lucy's heart sank with some undefinable fear and foreboding, and she put her hand on his sleeve, hardly conscious of the act.

"Mr. Caperne!" she said.

Then he forgot that there was others in the room, for he took the delicate fingers in his own, and said, "Do you blame me, Lucy? You must not—you of all people in the world. I could not lose your good opinion and live."

No one but the person they were meant for heard those last two words; but at this juncture madame's knitting-needles, which had long been silent, were put away, and she crossed the room hurriedly, and went out. Half an hour afterwards Lucy found her standing before the portrait of a boy, painted some twenty years ago. The kind old hands were pressing together tightly, and the lips were moving; but when her daughter spoke, she only stooped and kissed the girl's forehead, with a brief good night.

As for Noel, he was leaning against the window, looking by moonlight over the Cor, and the grey church tower, and the trees; and there was a strange tumult in his heart.

"Why did I tell her?" he mused. "But will there be any awakening for me, I wonder? and how, and when?"

* * * * *

Thus was the awakening. They were bending over the piano, Mr. Caperne carelessly turning over the piles of music, when something seemed to startle him, and he stood upright, with his hand pointing to a name, written in a bold, straggling hand, on one of the songs. "Julian Dudley."

"This belongs to——" he stammered—"tell me."

Lucy looked up at him, in sudden wonder. She did not know why, but the same instinctive terror which had smitten her at the artist's story, smote her now as she looked at him.

"Tell me," repeated Noel—"not your brother?"

"Yes," she replied; "but——"

"But," interrupted Noel, with whitening lips, "in all these books, in Tony's, and your brother's books——"

"The name is Woodfield," said Lucy. "Yes, my brother's wife was an heiress, and he was required to take her name—an unnatural arrangement, I think," she said, trying to smile. "If I were a man——Mr. Caperne, do you know you frighten me! What is it?"

Noel looked into her face once, as a man looks at a treasure which is to be taken away from him; he just said, "God help us both!" and turned towards the door. It opened as he reached it. There were sounds of an arrival in the hall and he stood face to face with the host whom he had so longed to thank.

The eyes of this man fell as they met Noel's; there was a weak, imploring gesture of his hands, and a hurried, nervous "Not here! not here, for pity's sake! Come with me."

Noel followed into the room opposite; he closed the door behind him; and set his back against it.

"Julian Dudley, I have found you at last then," said Noel.

"Caperne," said Mr. Dudley, putting up his hands deprecatingly, "listen to me!"

"At last!" repeated Noel; "only to know that I have shared your roof, and eaten your bread. I wonder it didn't choke me. I wish it had. I wish——"

"I ask you to hear me, Caperne," said Julian. "After that, load me with your curses, if you will; but hear me first. Look at me! Am I not old before my time—a broken man? Heaven is my witness that I have suffered enough to satisfy even you. You think I did a wanton and cruel thing in the days gone by. It was wicked, but not wanton. I have never loved as I did then. But even when I dared to win her, I was in debt, Noel, and knew not where to turn for money. I had been wild. You see I confess all. I told my mother the story in part—only my mother, mind; bade her keep you ignorant of the name as long as possible, and I went to Scotland. They told me you were going away last week, or I would not have come home."

"The work was done," said Noel, grimly. "I had found you out; your presence was not needed to teach me whose guest I had been."

"Hear me out, Caperne," said Dudley. "I have had a hope; I have prayed for it to come true. I hoped in time that you might take happiness from my hands, as you once took sorrow. Noel, I am humble enough; let me have your pardon."

Noel laughed, a hard metallic laugh, with no mirth in it. "I vowed a vow on my sister's grave, Mr Dudley. I owe you a double debt now; the wreck of my own life as well as that other one. Ask forgiveness elsewhere."

He opened the door and passed out into the shrubbery, where he had walked so often with Lucy. He put up his hand over his eyes, for her face met him at every turn as he had seen it last, when she said that he frightened her. There was a little path leading from the shrubbery into Corven Wood, and Noel took it. He went away far into the wood and threw himself down in that very spot where first the childish accents of appeal had reached him. Imagination plays strange tricks with a man at such times as those. He heard the babbling of the river, and the mill wheel, and the birds, but plainer than any of them there ran through his brain one sentence, spoken by a sweet voice which he must never listen to again, "Mr Caperne, have you forgiven?"

No, he had not forgiven; he could not forgive. In that evil hour Noel said hard things of the fate that had brought him hither; the fate he once thought so wonderfully happy. At that thought Mr. Caperne sprang up to leave the wood which he might never see more; he went away along the path to the bridge under which the stream ran sullen and dark—there he paused to look round, and he said with his eyes far away beyond Corven Wood, "Never again—never!"

* * * * *

Five years since Noel Caperne found Julian Dudley's name on the bit of music; five years since he lay on the grass, reviling the pleasant music of the wood, which jarred upon his misery; and he was back again, grey amongst his hair; weariness in his look and listless gait: back beside the brawling Cor, wondering dimly what had brought him there. He crossed the bridge and heard the familiar wheel, without wishing to hear it. He got away to the old inn by the river, and asked for lodging. At first the landlady stared at him as she would at a stranger in that quiet place; then suddenly, with a start, she gave him the usual curtsey, and led the way to his old room. Mr. Caperne paused on the threshold, and held back.

"Can't you put me somewhere else?" he said, with a little impatience. "But no, never mind; perhaps this is best after all."

The landlady thought so too. She watched him throw down his knap-sack wearily; she tried in vain to tempt him in the matter of supper; and when his persistent replies that he wanted only rest and quiet, and should remain but one night, drove her to the last extremity, she went forward with some hesitation and unlocked the drawer which used to contain the artist's mysterious painting.

"If you please, sir," she said, "the packet."

"The packet?" repeated Mr. Caperne, vacantly. "I left none that I am aware of."

"No, sir," she replied; "but the young lady, Miss Dudley Miss Lucy, as she is called about here——"

"Well, what of her?" said Noel, turning sharply from the window.

"Nothing, sir," said the landlady; "only she left this; it's years ago now. We were to forward it, but we never could find out where. We've kept it safe sir, and I'm sure——"

"Thanks," interrupted Noel. "Leave it, please. Good night."

When the landlady was gone, Noel got up and locked his door. He struck his hands together roughly as he sat down again, for they were trembling, and then he opened the little parcel which Lucy had left. Noel laid it down upon the table beside him, and put his hands over his face, with a gasp. It was the little painting he had done for her—the bunch of violets. Did ever eyes look at him with eyes like those before? He never knew how long he sat there. But it was late in the morning when he left his room, sane enough to all appearance, dressed very much as he had been used to dress five years ago, and took the path towards Corven Wood, careless of the curious eyes that watched him.

It was in the sweet freshness of early summer that Noel Caperne passed once more into the well known shrubbery, and found Lucy among her flowers. She stood up when she saw him, and then the color left her face, and she drew back the hand he would have taken.

"Lucy, Lucy!" he cried, "won't you speak to me? Won't you forgive me?"

"I have nothing to forgive," said Lucy, coldly. She had been stronger than the little girl who was at rest in the churchyard on the hill. And then, seeing his altered looks, she added, faltering a little, "My brother——"

"What drew me hither, Lucy? I could not know that I should find my poor little painting waiting for me, rejected. You have conquered through your token; take it again from me."

A little while they stood silent, Lucy trying to be calm, Mr. Caperne to read the face that changed so often. At last he spoke again.

"I have loved you so long and well, Lucy; I have been so wretched a wanderer; give me hope."

"Your vow?" said Lucy, briefly.

"Was wicked, and ought not to be kept," said Noel. "I wait to give my hand to Julian Dudley, if he will take it. Let me see your face that I may know if I am forgiven."

She raised it to him simply, with the sunlight on it, and he put out his arms.

"You will not send me away, my love?" said Noel.

"No," was the low muttered reply.

Love Quarrels.—A love quarrel has arisen from the idle question of 'What o'clock is it?' or the observation, "I fear it will rain to-morrow." So unjust are our jealous fears, that we expect that the whole creation should appear unimportant when compared to ourselves. Nay, we expect sacrifices beyond reason, and even miracles in our favor. It is related of one of the beauties of the Court of Francis I, who was taken to task by her companions for her evident attachment to a man who they did not think requited her affection, that it so happened that he fell ill, and on his recovery had lost his speech; still she loved him, and continued to be heedless of the sarcasms of her friends, till at last, in a moment of impatience, and anxious to display the power of her charms, she addressed her dumb lover, telling him, with a look of severity until then unknown, "Sir, I request you will speak;" and instantly he fell at her feet, and, to the amazement of all around, recovered his speech.

Mrs Bodie, the wife of Waterman Bodie the original discoverer of the famous mining district that bears his name, and whose body has just been found after twenty years search, lives in Poughkeepsie, where she has earned a scanty living as a seamstress. It is not believed that she will have any claim on the mines.

A cheap and simple piece of machinery has just been invented and is in opertion in West Chester, S. C., which spins seed cotton into thread. It is claimed that this invention will add one hundred per cent. to the profits of the planter, as it saves him the expense of ginning, baling, bagging and ties.

BIBLICAL BEARDS.

FROM time immemorial the beard has been regarded by Oriental peoples with profound respect. In the mountains of Yeman, where strangers are seldom seen, it is a disgrace to appear shaven. Among the Arabians it is more infamous for any one to have his beard cut off, than among us to be publicly whipped or branded with a hot iron. Many in that country would prefer death to such a punishment. Hence the shaving off half their beards by Hanun (2 Sam. x 4) is mentioned as an equally gross affront with the other indignities offered to the ambassadors of David, and only be answered by an appeal to arms; and in the same spirit, in the year 1764, a Persian emir having cut off the beard of an officer sent to demand his tribute, Kerim Khan marched against him with a large army, and conquered all his country. This great reverence for the beard will explain how it was that the dishonor done by David to his beard, of letting his spittle fall on it (1 Sam. xxi. 13) seems at once to have convinced Achish of his being insane, as no man in health or body and mind would defile what was esteemed so honorable. Hence also, we may perceive the meaning of Mephibosheth's neglect in not trimming his beard (2 Sam. xix. 24) So great is the regard of the Arabians for the beard, that the wives kiss the husband's and the children their father's beards when they salute them. And when two friends meet they thus salute each other. This will explain (2 Sam. xx. 9,) which, literally translated, would read, "And Joab held in his right hand the beard of Amasa, that he might give it a kiss."

Burckhardt, in his "Materials for a History of the Wahabys," relates an anecdote which strongly illustrates the force of Arabian feeling on this point. "Saoud had long been desirous to purchase the mare of a sheikh belonging to the tribe of Benni-Shammar, but the owner refused to sell her for any sum of money. At this time a sheikh of the Kahtan Arabs had been sentenced to lose his beard for some offence. When the barber produced his razor in the presence of Saoud, the sheikh exclaimed, "Oh, Saoud, take the mare of Shammary as a ransom for my beard!" The punishment was remitted; the sheikh was allowed to go and bargain for the mare, which cost him twenty five hundred dollars, the owner declaring that no consideration could have induced him to part with her, had it not been to save the beard of the noble Kahtany. The same traveller observes that the Arabs who had the misfortune to incur this disgrace invariably concealed themselves from view until their beards grew again. It was probably, therefore, on this account, to save them from public scorn, that David permitted his half-shaven ambassadors to tarry at Jericho until their beards were grown (2 Sam. x. 5.)

The Cardinal Spider.—A large breed of spiders abound in the palace of Hampton Court, England. They are called their "cardinals," in honor, we suppose, of Cardinal Wolsey. They are full an inch in length, and many of them of the thickness of a finger. Their legs are about two inches long, and their bodies covered with a thick hair. They feed chiefly on moths, as appears from the wings of that insect being found in great abundance under and among their webs. In running across the carpet in an evening, when the light of a lamp or candle has cast a shade from their bodies, they have been mistaken for mice, and has occasioned no little alarm to some of the more nervous inhabitants of the palace. A doubt has even been raised whether the name of cardinal has not been given to this creature from an ancient belief that the ghost of Wolsey haunts the place of his former glory under this shape.

The Physician's Cane:—The following plan was formerly adopted by physicians, to prevent them from receiving infection: They used a cane with a hollow head, the top of which was of gold pierced with holes, like a pepper box. This top contained a small quantity of aromatic powder or of snuff, and on entering a house or room where a disease, supposed to be infectious, prevailed, the doctor would strike his cane on the floor to agitate the powder, and then apply it to his nose. Hence all the old prints of physicians represent them with a cane at their nose.

Haynes set himself up for a religious leader in Texas, even claiming to be a divinity, sent to earth to take charge of all spiritual affairs. He said that he was physically invulnerable, and said that it was impossible for anybody or anything to hurt him. His converts, of whom there were hundreds, believed his pretensions, and it was said that a bullet fired at his breast had dropped harmlessly at his feet. But there were scoffers at Corsicana, and they rode Haynes on a rail. His marvulous power failed him in his emergency.

Sudden Changes of the Weather often cause Pulmonary, Bronchial and Asthmatic troubles. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" will allay irritation, which induces coughing, oftentimes giving immediate relief.

Story of a Golden-Rod.

BY CELANIRE.

SOMEWHERE on the outskirts of the city there is a vacant lot, the very dreariest of its kind So much ashes and other sorts of rubbish have been thrown on it from time to time, that the ground is quite covered, and the few blades of grass which have sprung up lead a straggling, miserable existence. On all sides of this lot are low, tumble-down houses crowded together—houses in which live the very poorest of the poor. If there are any back yards in which flowers bloom, they are not visible to the passer-by.

It was on this lot that a tiny golden rod found itself, one bright spring day, struggling up to the light How the little seed from which it sprang ever came there, it would be hard to say. Perhaps strong winds had borne it thither; perhaps some bird, while flying over the lot, had let it fall; or perhaps one of the children from the neighboring houses, returning from some nutting expedition the previous autumn, its basket filled with nuts, and its hands with golden rod, may, quite unknowingly, have dropped the seed; but at all events, there it was, and it had germinated.

Poor little plant! how lonely it was, to be sure. Not a single wild flower, or bird, or butterfly, to keep it company—only the few blades of grass which seemed quite as solitary and wretched as itself. Was it worth while to keep on living?

But the sunbeams, which let down their golden ladders every morning from the sun, and came climbing down on purpose to comfort the grass—these same bright, cherry sunbeams found out the little plant.

"Come, take heart," they said "Look up and see what a beautiful world it is."

And the golden rod looked up, and saw above it the great, wonderful sky, blue, like a lake, and white clouds like ships, that went sailing away and away to unknown shores; and ah, how warm and soft the air was round about!

Then, all the inherited memories of its race—memories of dewy autumn mornings in forest or meadow, of slanting sunset light along the lanes, of faint, sweet woodland odors, and flower companions gay with scarlet or yellow—all these stirred the plant's inmost heart.

"Yes, yes," it cried, "it is a beautiful world!" and it reached out its green arms to the sunbeams, caressingly, and was happy.

All day long, the sunbeams played over the vacant lot, and whispered comforting words to the grass and the little golden rod, and when night came, they climbed up again to the sun, and drew their shining ladders after them.

So the days slipped by, one day very much like the other, until June came; and then the grasses, one by one, sent up spikes of delicate flowers, which nodded like plumes in the breeze. How happy they all were now that the fulness of their time had come!

But the golden-rod was still an awkward, straggling plant, with no promise yet of a flower. And although it did its best to rejoice with the grasses in their happiness, the poor little plant's courage began to grow faint.

"Ah me, I am so lonely!" it cried "What use is it to keep on growing in this hot, barren place? The summer will soon be over, and I have not a single blossom yet, nor any signs of one."

Then one of the sunbeams came to it and said—

"Little golden rod, there is a beautiful future in store for you, if you will only avail yourself of it. But it all depends on your own self."

"On myself!" repeated the plant, wonderingly "How so?"

"I will tell you," said the sunbeam "Do you know what is the source of all the light and heat which has made your life possible?"

"The bright sun up yonder!" answered the plant, "whose messengers all you sunbeams are."

"Yes," replied the sunbeam. "But all that the great sun yonder can do, is to send us forth as his messengers. And much of the beauty, not only of yourself, but of everything on the earth, will depend on the way in which we are received."

"You speak strangely, friend," said the golden rod. "I do not understand you.

"Listen," returned the sunbeam "Look at the oyster-shell lying on that pile of ashes. Broken as it is, it still preserves a beautiful pearly lustre on its inner side. But far, far away from here, quite on the other side of the earth is a tropical island about whose shores I sometimes play, and near this island are found pearl oysters with whose shells this cousin of theirs cannot compare for beauty. The mother-of-pearl which lines their inner surfaces is composed of thin, overlapping plates, which break up the sunlight that falls on them, and reflect in it all the colors of the rainbow."

"Happy, happy pearl-oysters, to have such lovely shells," sighed the plant. "But why do you tell me this? I could never aspire to such loveliness."

"Little golden rod," returned the sunbeam, "look at that cloud in the sky above you. Can you guess why it should be of such dazzling whiteness? It is because it does not selfishly absorb all the sunshine falling upon it, but reflects it back, unbroken. And at sunset, although it will break the sunshine up, it will do so only to reflect the light back in colors of pink, or saffron or royal purple. And then, look at your neighbors, the grasses. See what soft green tints they manage to reflect out of the sunshine. Ah, little one, everything on this earth is beautiful in color only according to its way of reflecting the sunshine falling upon it."

"Oh, how I wish," wistfully murmured the plant, "that I might some day reflect a little of the beauty that you sunbeams have showered upon me."

"Keep on growing as well as you know how," answered the sunbeam, "and some day you will." And then, because it was growing late, he said good bye, and climbed up to the sun for the night.

How hot and dusty the days were that followed. But still the one desire that stirred the little plant's heart was that it might reflect the sunshine; and so it kept up bravely, and grew more vigorous day by day. And at last, when the Indian summer was come, and was throwing its mellow influence even over the vacant lot, the flower-buds, which had been slowly forming, began to open; and behold, the little plant had sent up a shaft of brilliant yellow flowers, that seemed the very embodiment of sunshine. The desire of its heart was fulfilled.

The tired workingmen, who went home early that evening at sunset, in crossing the lot, saw the golden red blossoms, but passed carelessly on Yet it was strange how this little patch of color cheered them every one, quite unknown to themselves

"It was a very fine evening," they said to their families. "Really, such weather would keep them in good humor." But nobody knew that the golden-rod was at the bottom of it all.

One day, a poet, who chanced to pass across the lot, saw the golden-rod. And while he paused over it, wondering at the contrast between it and the piles of rubbish about, the golden rod told its story.

And the poet went home and put it into a song, and the burden of his song was: "The Father's sunshine of love falls into all lives alike, but each life is beautiful only as it reflects the light which has fallen upon it." And it is said that this song found its way into many hearts

But the golden-rod. Ah well, the frosts of winter killed it, and so that is the end of its story. If, indeed, only those souls lived in the future life who have done good in this, the little golden-rod might have a better claim to immortality than many a human being—but it is only a plant, and of course has no future.

A GREAT FRAUD EXPOSED.

Arrest of the Conductors of the Fraudulent Denver Land Company.

DENVER, Col., Nov. 8.—Sidney A. Grant, of Cincinnati, and A. F. Wilson, were arrested to-day for conducting a fraudulent scheme, through the mails, under the name of the "Denver Land Company." They were taken before a United States Commissioner and committed. Having waived an examination, and having as yet given no bonds, they will probably go to jail The swindle was planned in Cincinnati. Stereotype plates were prepared, which already have been inserted in over 800 first-class newspapers and periodicals in the Northern, Eastern, and Middle States. Grant came to Denver to secure land for the purpose, and bought a thousand acres in Sand Hills, forty miles north of Denver, in another county, which was recorded as North Denver. Although Grant was known here but eight days, a perfect avalanche of letters have come through the mails for S. A. Grant and the Denver Land Company. The fraud was exposed by the local newspapers, and bitterly denounced by the citizens. The Postmaster reported the swindle to the Department, and last night received orders to deliver no registered letters and pay no money orders to Grant. The arrest was made by Special Agent H. Hall. Special Agent Fossy, who is also here, has asked the Department for an order to withhold ordinary letters from Grant.

As the advertisement of the "Denver Land Company" appeared in the last issue of the POST, we take the earliest opportunity to give publicity to the Associated Press despatch quoted above.—ED. POST.

An English clergyman recently committed suicide on the Isle of Wight by sliding down a cliff 600 feet high.

Look at the Evidence.

A retired physician in the state of New York says: "I have read with care your Brochure and many of the cases given and treated by the 'Compound Oxygen treatment,' and freely say the testimony from so many persons of reputation and character, and your reasonings and facts, ought to influence the most incredulous to take the treatment—in such cases at least, as have baffled long experience and skill. Brochure sent free. Address DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1112 Girard street, Philadelphia, Pa.

New Publications.

A new edition of the excellent little treatise, "Hygeine of the Voice," by Dr. Ghislain Durant, is an evidence of the favor it met with from the public in its first issue. The work has been carefully revised and added to, but its general plan remains unaltered, being a comprehensive account of the physiology and anatomy of the voice The anatomy of the vocal apparatus, the formation of the different voices, their growth and changes, and the reasons for the difference in timbre, as well as instructions for the preservation of the voice, are all given with a clearness and intelligence which makes the volume an important addition to this department of literature. Public speakers, vocalists, and also the general reader should be profoundly grateful to the author for this very valuable work. Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co., publishers. From Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger. Price, $1 50.

The "Musical Review" is a weekly journal devoted exclusively to music, which comes to us from 39 Park Row, New York It is a handsomely printed octavo, and if the standard of the first number be maintained, will be a welcome addition to the long list of special periodicals.

"Sealed Orders" is a collection of seventeen stories, by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, many of which have appeared separately in the monthly magazines. The first story gives its name to the book. One secret of the success of Miss Phelps' writing, which is true of her stories as well as her more pretentious works, is that she touches the hearts of her readers with her intense earnestness. No more readable collection of short stories has appeared for a long time. Houghton, Osgood & Co., publishers Received from Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger. Price, $1 50.

"The Gentle Belle" is the title of the latest, and one of the best of Christian Reid's novels. The story opens with the deathbed scene of the heroine's father, and the appearance of the hero as a witness to his will, in which she is left to the joint guardianship of her step sister, a gay, designing widow, and a cold, phlegmatic uncle, whose life is something of a recluse. The heroine's eventful experience developes a variety of incidents in which some well-drawn characters are introduced; and although the plot is not strongly dramatic, it is skilfully managed so as to hold the reader's interest. It is written in the same freshness of style and freedom from affectation as her other novels, which makes them always acceptable to readers of fiction. Published by Appleton & Co., and for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger. Price, 75 cents.

The October number of the "British Quarterly Review" represented by Leonard Scott & Co., opens with a biographical sketch of Adolph Monod. The next paper is a continuation of a discussion of the doctrines of Irenæus and his testimony to the early views of Christianity. This is followed by a review of the various sketches of the life of Dr. Johnson. "The Vatican and Civilization." "What is Religion?" Political prospects of Italy! University Education in Ireland, and a grand review of Contemporary Literature, History, Biography, Travels, Politics, Science, Art, Belles Letters, Poetry, Fiction, Novels Theology, Philosophy, Philology and Sermons. For sale by W. H Zieber of this city.

We are indeed indebted to the publishers of Scribner's Magazine and St Nicholas for a bound volume of each of these popular publications, the contents of which have been noticed every month in these columns. They can well be regarded as as a sumptuous literary treat as well as a valuable addition to one's library. The Magazine is bound in a handsome green embossed cover, with a double frontispiece, portraits of John Whittier and Oliver Wendell Holmes, while the contents are replete with superb illustrations and a rare combination of literature. St. Nicholas is resplendent with a brilliant illuminated cover and Mother Goose illustrations on the inner cover, which hold within such a collection of lovely stories, pictures, verses, and good things in general, it should accompany its namesake on all his Christmas visits and be used as his best card. For sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.

The November number of the Princeton Review contains several papers of notable interest and importance. It opens with a paper on Professor Huxley's Exposition of Hume's Philosophy by President Porter of Yale College; "University Questions in England" are discussed by Goldwin Smith, formerly of Oxford, and now of Toronto, Canada; Mark Hopkins, ex-President of Williams' College, discusses "Professor Tyndall upon the Origin of Cosmos." Robert P Porter has a paper on "Comparative View of American Progress;" "The A. Priori Novum Organum of Christianity" is from the pen of Lyman H. Atwater, of Princeton College; Prof. Wm. G Sumner, of Yale College, has a paper on "Bimetallism;" "Points of Contrast between Science and Revelation" are discussed by Principal J. W. Dawson, of Montreal. The contents conclude with a paper on Herbert Spencer's "Data of Ethics," by President McCosh, of Princeton College. Published at 37 Park Row, New York.

Messrs. Harper Bros have published the initial number of their new illustrated weekly for young people, under the title of Harper's Young People. It is a small eight page paper, with a serial story and a variety of attractive illustrations and short miscellaneous pieces, with several departments. There is always a demand for a pure and wholesome style of literature for children, and when published by such a house as Harpers, the public can expect a weekly of exceptional excellence.

LITERARY NOTES

The Scribner's announce a number of attractions for their Magazine during the coming year. Prominent among which will be a series of historical papers on the reign of Peter the Great, by Eugene Schuyler, beginning in January, and continuing for two years, the illustrations are promised to be especially superior. A new novelette of American Life entitled, Louisiana, will be contributed by Mrs. Frances H. Burnett, whose serials have been such an attraction in the Magazine. A series of descriptive papers by Principal Grant, of Queen's University, Kingston, will appear under the title of Canada Picturesque. Other subjects of interest will appear under the various titles of Art, Sports and Recreations, Home Subjects, Modern Enterprise and Progress, Poets and Poetry, all of which will sustain the superior character of the popular Magazine.

The announcements of St Nicholas for the coming year, are full of attractions for its innumerable friends. There will be a permanent enlargement, beginning with the Christmas number, and among the many attractive features promised, will be a new department devoted to studies of English Literature. Miss Louisa Alcott, will have a new serial story written in her usual charming style. There will be two serials for boys. A series of open air papers, and an acting play for Sunday Schools by Dr. Edward Eggleston, in the Christmas number. With such a list of attractions, and bringing such charming reading and instruction to the little ones, St Nicholas ought to be a regular visitor in every home where there are little people to welcome it.

Messrs. Lothrop & Co., publishers of the "Wide Awake," announce a host of attractions for 1880, which will make their Magazine more welcome than ever to its many youthful friends There will be two serial stories with lovely illustrations, and a variety of other articles instructive as well as amusing.

NEW MUSIC.

Messrs. White Smith & Co. of Boston, have published a volume under the title of Wrights New Method for the Cabinet Organ, which will be found a very excellent guide for those who wish to study that instrument. It contains a variety of exercises and instructive hints, besides a choice collection of pieces.

"The Illustrated National Nursery Songs and Games," is the title of publication, compiled and arranged by A. H. Rosewig, and for sale by the Central News Co. The contents are composed of all the songs so familiar to children with the original music arranged in such a simple way, that they can be easily learned It is a book well calculated to circulate among the little ones.

From the Music publishers Geo. D Russell, of Boston, we have received the following pieces. "The Turkish Patrol March," by Machaflis, and arranged by Krug, one of the most spirited unique marches published It was played by Gilmore's band at Manhattan Beach during the summer, meeting with several encores nightly, and has the same popularity at the theatres. 'Flying Deer," is the title of one of Spindler's graceful compositions.

"Thou Bonnie Bird," by Henshaw, is a charming song, the words are from the poem by Robert Burns, the song is sung by Miss Henrietta Beebe, with great success Two of Mdlle. Baretta's popular songs and dances are 'Down Where the Lilacs Bloom," the melody of which is very pretty, and graceful, and "If I only had a Beau," which is sparkling and bright in style

A Cleveland fire engine, with four men on it, was driven off an open drawbridge forty feet into the water. The men were rescued, but the horses were held to the bottom by the heavy machine and drowned.

Cocoa is known the world over for its great nourishing and strengthening properties The Chocolates and Cocoas of Walter Baker & Co. having stood the test of a hundred years, are highly recommended for their excellence and purity and are for sale everywhere by grocers.

Good Evidence.

When such men as the Rev. Dr Rankin, Rev. Dr. Harvey, Father Fitz Gerald Prof. Green, Dr. Bartine, Col John K. McChesney, E. W Neff, and a host of others equally trustworthy, certify over their own signatures to the marvelous efficacy of Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, in the diseases for which it is recommended, it is time to dismiss doubts on the subject.

Our Young Folks.

A BEAUTIFUL PRINCESS.

BY C. J

THERE was once upon a time a king whose queen presented him with just one child—a daughter. When she came into the world, he was the happiest king in all creation. He caused the church bells to ring all over the realm, and ordered his subjects who were in the confectionery line to deal out to every child who applied for it, a pound of sugar plums gratis, and charge the bill to him.

The baby was the most beautiful little creature ever born. Everybody said so, and everybody must be right. And when the christening day came, they gave her the name of "Most Beautiful," because there really was no other name suitable.

The fairy godmother was, of course, at the christening feast, but she looked very much discontented, and was very sulky. The king felt troubled by this, and asked her politely what she was so good as to be displeased at, for one must not irritate fairy godmothers.

The old lady replied snappishly: 'Enough is the matter, young man. If you weren't the greatest ninny of a king that ever sat on a throne you'd know That girl of yours is altogether too beautiful She'll be so vain there will be no bearing her, in the first place; and all the young men will run away with her, in the second. You'll have a nice time with her Why didn't a moderately good looking girl content you?'

"How can I help it?" asked the king. "Perhaps, as you are a fairy, you'll tell me how. Shall I break her nose, or put her where she'll catch the small pox? People are generally congratulated when their girls are nice looking"

"I'm your best friend, as you'll find," said the godmother. "Take my advice, and all may be well yet. Never let her see a looking-glass and never let her see a young man. Teach her that she is very plain and that young men are too dreadful to be mentioned, and she may be a credit to you yet."

With which words the fairy godmother vanished up the chimney leaving the queen and all the good company including several excellent fairies in floods of tears

The king however being a practical man, who acted while others wept, went to work He banished every looking glass from the palace, to the great disgust of all the ladies of honor, who never could put their things on properly afterwards He discharged every young male, and forbade anyone to admit a young man within the gates

As soon as the young princess could read she was taught several things first, that she was very plain, secondly, that it was a virtue to be plain, thirdly that handsome was that handsome did, fourthly, that young men were dreadful creatures, who must not be spoken of or to

Thus she attained her sixteenth year, a pattern to all womankind, who had never looked into a looking glass, and never seen a beau

Suddenly, however to their great surprise and terror, their modest young princess began to be the vainest creature in the world All the mirrors in the world could not have made her vainer, and the king and queen sent for the fairy godmother and bewailed the sad case to her.

"Not a mirror in the house," said the queen "I have put my bonnets on crooked sixteen years for her sake, and this is the end of it."

'Stuff and nonsense!" cried the old fairy. "I have not lived five or six hundred centuries to believe that. She's got a looking glass about her. We must search her"

And the three went to the princess's room, and what they found in her pocket was this and old fashioned brass door knob which she had polished until it looked like gold This was her mirror!

Now every one knows that a door-knob is the most inferous of all reflectors. In it the most regular nose appears flat, and the most beautiful mouth meets at the back of the head But the princess was delighted with it

The poor king and queen could not help laughing in the midst of their trouble.

'Don't you see how ugly you look?" said the king 'How much reason you have to be thankful that you do not pose as the snare of beauty!"

"No, I don't, pa," said the princess "I think I'm pretty and others do too, so there! And I shouldn't be thankful if they didn't, and I wasn't either"

And she put her precious door knob in her pocket, while the fairy godmother shrugged her shoulder and spread out her hands.

'I told you so," said she "And I'd like to know what the girl means by others?'

The princess would not answer the question.

Now kings of the olden times always kept a fool—a comical creature, sometimes deformed, whose duty it was to speak his mind.

This king's fool had a hunched back, a red nose, tow colored hair, and green eyes. He wore parti colored clothes, and a cap and bells, and was a very comical creature indeed to look at. When he wasn't wanted he lived in a little room in the palace. And between this room and that of the princess was a thick wall. However, the princess was of an inquisitive disposition; and knowing that this wall was one which separated that part of the palace in which she lived from the part she was never allowed to visit, she had bored a hole in it with her crochet needle and scissors, and peeping through, had seen the fool.

Oh, how beautiful he looked to her! She clapped her hands in delight.

"I don't know what a young man is" she said; "and it's as stupid to call them all sorts of names as it is to call me ugly And she looked in her door knob with joy

Then she called softly, and he answered her

"Who are you?" she asked

"I'm a young man" said the fool.

"I thought so," said the princess.

"Who are you?" asked the fool

"I'm a beautiful princess" was the reply.

"Oh, you need only say a princess," said the fool; "all kings' daughters are beautiful."

"What! She they've been telling me!" thought the princess. "I can't tell what has come over me. My heart goes pitapat."

It was Cupid who had shot her through the needle hole in the wall He had not been kept out sixteen years for nothing. So the princess put a postage stamp over the little hole, and nobody noticed it. And between looking at herself in the door-knob and listening to the words of the fool through the little hole, she grew so dreadfully vain that when she was found missing one morning, it really seemed scarcely worth while to go after her. But the king did his duty as a father

She had eloped with his fool; and when they were found, they were resting in a very damp meadow, and she was looking in the door-knob and he was saying witty things

"And what have you got to say for yourself?" asked the king.

"Only this," said the fool. "If you ever expected that a pretty girl could be kept from meeting with a looking glass and a lover, you're a bigger fool than I."

The king thought so himself; and he took the pair home and knighted his fool—and it wasn't the first one either. And after that, no doubt he kept his sharp speeches for his wife Men generally do. And it is on record that the first long mirror the princess looked into, she took her door-knob from her pocket and tossed it scornfully away.

"Ah, pa, pa," she said to the king, "if you'd only let me peep into that just once while I was a girl, I'd never have married a fool, for I see now that there is hardly a prince on earth any way worthy of me."

"We have found $48,000 buried here May God be praised!" was found written on a card that was tacked to the end of a stake in a vacant lot between Guerrero and Dolores street, in San Francisco the other day Near the stake was a wide and deep excavation Detectives were put to work and unraveled a romantic yarn In the old days, when Frisco was known as Yerba Buena the Mission Dolores stood over the spot where the treasure had been dug up. A prisoner in the State Penitentiary fifteen years ago told the warden that many Spanish doubloons were buried on the site of the old mission, but the warden merely mentioned the story considering it false A few weeks ago the same prisoner was released, having served his term of twenty years For several nights six or seven Indians were seen by residents of the neighborhood at work in the lot, the ex convict being among them.

This season's salmon catch on the North Pacific coast has been lighter and less profitable than for years The consequence will be that next season but a portion of the fisheries will be in operation, which will be fortunate for should the catch continue for a few years as it has in the past salmon in those waters would be scarce and thin This industry on the north coast has grown into considerable proportions, the product of which goes to overstock the market.

A Persian ambassador who visited the romantic city of Edinburgh was violently attacked, theologically speaking, by an ancient Presbyterian lady, who reproached him for professing what she termed an idolatrous religion 'I am told, sir," she said, "that you worship the sun" 'So would you, madam,' politely replied Mirza Khan, "if you ever saw him"

Five ladies will take the Greek instruction provided in Cambridge by Harvard professors. Six are to take Latin, 1 Sanscrit, 5 English, 6 German, 84 French 3 philosophy 5 politics, economy, 3 history, 2 music, 5 mathematics, 2 physics, and 3 botany Four have taken the 4 years and 18 the special course.

Cerebrations.

CONDUCTED BY "WILKINS MICAWBER."

Address all communications to Wilkins Micawber, No. 644 North Seventeenth St., Philadelphia, Pa. Solutions and original contributions solicited.

No. 444. MARLINE

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EVEN

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POY
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U

No. 449. LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM

No. 450. MAKAI
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ROBIN
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STILE
TINS
BAG
UN
M

No. 455. MARY WALKER. SITTING BULL.

No. 456. M
RAD
LAZES
LABORED
BABYLONIA
MAZOLOGICAL
DEMOGATES
SKNITES
DICES
AAS
L

No. 457. NUMERICAL.

The whole consisting of 11 letters is certain plants.
The 1, 2, 3 is a drinking cup.
The 4, 5, 6 is a garden plant.
The 7, 8, 9 is submissive.
The 10, 11, is a plant.

Boston, Mass. GREENHORNS.

No. 458. SQUARE.
1. A Spanish coin.
2. A chief of the Cossacks.
3. Mates pointed.
4. A fine.
5. One who cleans wool
6. Birds with web feet.

Carson City, Nevada. A. L. RENT.

No. 459. CROSSWORDS
In part not in whole,
In whole not in part,
In dart not in sole,
In sole not in dart,
In hart not in mole,
In mole not in hart,
In mart not in dole,
In dole not in mart.
'Micawber" often loads his gun,
But lost he sees never find this one.

Lebanon Church, Va. O. C. O. LA.

No. 460. DIAMOND
Ye Knights give heed'
A fiery steed
My FIRST possesses surely,
A bit of vantage
In NEXT I hope
'Tis hidden quite obscurely;
Parole the THIRD
When lashed and spurred,
Takes road, and more the worse,
Pol'ander Plod' le
The gas-eater, etc,
To play a game of Euchre,
He set this Miss
Three yards of TOTAL,
She gave him then the mitten;
Relating now
You must all see,
To evidence that's written.
The NEXT began
Like any man
The suit he wooed did scatter.
A couple of reel
Is double are meant,
And that's what's the matter.
Inquests with care
Now WHOLE you swear,
A fragment a TENTH, I'm certain
The Fourth of July
Ly it's true,
So let us drop the curtain.

Baltimore, Md ASIAN.

No. 461 CHARADE
The FIRST in Combinations
Its value does enhance
Though NEXT is used for rations
It is a town in France
In schoolboys' recitations
The TOTAL has renown
On stage in many stations
Whose is an English town.

New York City. EPPENDS.

No. 462. SQUARE.
1. One who veers.
2. A P. O. in Illinois.
3. A figure in rhetoric.
4. Reptiles.
5. A plant.
6. Motive.

Independence, Mo. BEN. J. MIN.

No. 463. CROSSWORD.
In comfort not in cheer,
In comfort not in cheer,
In comfort not in cheer,
In comfort not in cheer,
In comfort not in cheer,
In comfort not in cheer,
A bird is hidden here.

Greenville, S. C. DEAR POQUIER.

No. 464. DIAMOND.
1. If you this Diamond wish to try.
You'll find the FIRST in orange pie.
2. In a saloon they had a bout,
And one of them was SECOND out.
3. These fishes boiled are very fine,
Just order them when next you dine.
4. Pertaining to a deanery this,
It is a word you must not miss.
5. A scaly reptile long and vile,
Its back is rough as any file.
6. A land crab in the SIXTH you'll find,
In Webster it is so defined.
7. A man while learning this forsooth
Will play the dickens with your tooth.
8. EIGHTH is pious, consecrated,
It is also sacred, rated.
9. Here's a captain or a leader
Let us hope a liberal feeder.
10. If you give the TENTH a trial,
It's refusal, or denial.
11. LAST is owned by General Grant,
And always makes my friend Pat, pant.

New York City. ROB.

No. 65 CHARADE.
I saw on Asia's plain
A lion in his LAST,
To SECOND me of him
I hurried on quite fast,
And went at once to FIRST
Where you will find me now
In fact quite WHOLE am I,
And pallid is my brow.

Philadelphia, Pa. MRS. NICKLEBY.

No. 466. SQUARE.
1. A monkey
2. That which destroys.
3. To dodge.
4. Habit.
5. A rattler.
6. A planetarium.

Fort Sill, I. T. THE GENERAL.

No. 467. ANAGRAM.
'Tis oftimes thus men vent their rage
And leave a blot on History's page
O. MASTER CHARLES OFT SAW THE MOB

Gibson, Pa. ODOACER.

No 468. DIAMOND
1. 'Tis in the name of that Young man, though gray,
Who died in Utah, ere he went away
2. The vowel is littlest, and the next revealed,
Comes forth, a la me in Dav'd Copperfield.
3. A Sonnet truly would not be complete,
If one had not well-flavored THIRD to eat.
4. A she-wolf, thus resembling, quite a mother
FOURTH Rome's immortal founder and his brother.
5. Restrain yourself, if you should feel inclined
To POUT and CASE when you this fish must find.
6. One who is SIXTH, will surely run away,
Whenever there is danger in the fray,
7. The A. S. S. Society, I've learned
Upon a time once SEVENTH, and adjourned,
8. What balmy odors exquisitely sweet
Surround a man who does not EIGHTH his feet.
9. Say is there aught of KINITY between
This fish and that one you above have seen?
10. This is a sea of it you've doubtless READ,
The one through which his people, Moses led.
11. PERSEVERANCE you'll see these flakes in that sea,
Or in this river, which is not the Lee.

San Jose, Cal. MIS. O'DIRGE.

ANSWERS NEXT WEEK.

PRIZES FOR SOLUTIONS.

1. The POST SIX months for FIRST COMPLETE list.
2. The POST three months for NEXT BEST list.

SOLVERS

Cerebrations of Oct. 15th were solved by A. Solver, Effendi, Waverly, A., Nimsey, Poggotty, Mrs. Nickleby, Theron, Grebrennewj, O. Possum, Apollo, Percy Vere, Hannah B. Gage.

COMPLETE LISTS—A. Solver

PRIZE WINNERS

1. A Solver - - Kenton, Ohio.
2. Effendi, - New York City.

ACCEPTED CONTRIBUTIONS

Fleury Ann—Two Squares. Comet—Two Diamonds. O. C. O. La—Numerical and Crossword. O. Possum—Diamond. Ben J. Min—Diamond and Square. Gabnew—Numerical Charade, Triple Acrostic, Diamond, and Double Crosswords. Fly Fan—Two Squares. Alec. Sander—Square and Octagon.

LITTLE LETTERS.

O. POSSUM—Diamond excellent and of a rare kind. We await with anxiety the arrival of the other one

BEN J. MIN—Many thanks for ALL you sent. Diamond all right The Geographical Six Letter will be apt to sicken the solvers

GABNEW—A good assortment. Glad to see your brain working for the general good

FLY FAN—What two more? Well, you really do astonish us. Trans. in No. 450 was incorrect Should have been CHARGE We will talk to "Son Cop" like a father, and do penance ourselves for being asleep when we examined the puzzle.

FLEURY ANN—The two squares are just "lovely," and somebody will have to burn the midnight oil if they are solved Both down for immediate use.

COMET—Very good, your instructions shall be followed. Glad to see you are still turning out a few Enigmas. Such contributions are always desirable.

O. C. O. LA—The PLATS are all right and just what we wanted. Good Numericals, Crosswords and Charades are not always as plenty as the puzzle business demands.

NIC O DEMUS—This is what Maud Lynn says regarding Cerebrations No. 42

THE PLEASURES OF MEMORY are intense,
Delightful, you may say,
I love a parade of my griefs
Or never would forget
With me the greatest riddle is
A pleasant bit of chat
As I am always glad to be
Said always of, or charge'

ALEC SANDER—We accept the Square and Octagon with pleasure as one of the BEST received. In fact BOTH have so many definitions, that we are afraid they will turn the head of

WILKINS MICAWBER.

MERIT AND FORTUNE.

BY J. S.

Merit one day toiled up the height
Where Glory's glittering ensign stands,
Above the fane whose deathless light
Shines out o'er earth's most distant lands.
With upward gaze and dauntless will,
The pilgrim toiled up Glory's hill.

Though steep rocks, frowning from on high,
And treacherous paths before him lay;
Though Envy rained, and Calumny,
Their poisoned arrows round his way;
All dangers overcome and past,
He reached the temple's gate at last.

There crowds upon Dame Fortune pressed,
And wooed her favors, as of old;
Some in her ear soft words addressed,
Some touched the guardian's hand with gold.
She let them enter Glory's fane;
But most of them returned again.

As to and fro the crowds moved past,
Merit his eyes fixed steadfastly
Upon the porch, until at last
The lady said, "In spite of me,
If e'er you pass through Glory's gate,
You'll tarry long, and enter late!"

"Fortune, too well!" the pilgrim cried,
"Thy fickle power is known to me;
Justice too often takes thy side,
And holds her sword and scales for thee;
But though this gate thy favorites win,
Merit alone remains within!"

RUBBISH.

THE term rubbish is an entirely correlative one; what is rubbish to one person under certain circumstances, being under altered conditions extremely valuable to another. Gold itself is rubbish in the eyes of a man who is starving on a desert island: and the pearls which adorn a royal diadem and have made the fortune of the lucky finder, were probably felt to be worse than useless by the poor oyster, tormented by the presence of some particle of matter which he felt to be decidedly "out of place" within his shell. Many a cook no doubt had washed the little freshwater bleak, a fish about four inches long, and had thoughtlessly poured away the water after the operation, before it occurred to the French bead-maker that the lustrous silvery sediment deposited at the bottom of the vessel might be turned to account in the manufacture of artificial pearls, or pearl-beads. The jet so much used for jewelry is merely a compact, highly lustrous and deep black variety of lignite, a species of coal less ancient in origin than that of the carboniferous era which we usually burn. And coal itself, as we know, is merely the refuse of ancient forests and jungles, peat mosses and cypress swamps, which has been mineralised in the course of ages and stored for our use in the bowels of the earth. Amber too, which is also used for ornaments, especially in the East, is but a fossil gum or resin. To the pine-tree this gum was certainly nothing but refuse, a something to be got rid of; but Nature, who rejects nothing however vile and contemptible, received it into her lumber-room, her universal storehouse, and after keeping it patiently much more than the traditional seven years, sends it out again, transformed and yet the same, to adorn the Eastern beauty, and to give employment to many a skilful pair of hands. Bogwood, which like jet, is used for bracelets, brooches, &c., is merely oak or other hard wood which has lain for years in peat bogs or marshes, and has acquired its dark coloring from the action of oxidized metal upon the tannin it contained.

Turning, however, from Nature's processes to those of man, we find that he is doing his best, however clumsily, to follow the thrifty example she sets him. For many and many a year no doubt the pine-tree shed its pointed, needle-like leaves in the Silesian forests, and there they were left to decay and turn into mould at their leisure, until some one started a manufactory for converting them into forest-wool, which, besides being efficacious in cases of rheumatism when applied in its woolly state, can also be curled, felted, or woven. Mixed with cotton, it has even been used for blankets and wearing apparel. The ethereal oil evolved during the preparing of the wool is a useful medical agent, besides being serviceable as lamp-oil and also as a solvent of caoutchouc; and even the refuse left when the leaves have yielded up their oil and wool, is not looked upon as rubbish, but is compressed into blocks and used for firewood; while the resinous matter it contains produces gas enough for the illumination of the factory.

Truly, as one man's meat is another man's poison, so one man's rubbish is another man's treasure. While the Russians export or simply waste all their bones, other more thrifty people boil them, to extract their grease and gelatine; convert them into charcoal, to be used in refining sugar; pass them on to the turner, to be made into knife-handles and a thousand other useful articles; or grind them up to supply phosphate of lime for the farmer's crops.

Even such insignificant things as cobwebs are turned to account, not merely for healing cut fingers—Bottom's sole idea as to their use—but for supplying the astronomer with cross-lines for his telescopes. Spiders' threads have even been woven, though one cannot imagine where or how, except in fairyland, by fairy fingers, and for fairy garments; and among the curiosities which travellers bring home from the Tyrol are pictures painted upon cobwebs, the drawing of which is perfectly clear and distinct, with the spider's handiwork at the same time plainly apparent. But we may descend even lower than cobwebs in the scale of refuse, and still find that we have not reached the dead-level at which things become utterly worthless and good for nothing. Nay, much that is sweetest and associated in our minds with luxury and refinement, may now be produced from that which is in itself most repulsive. For, while artificial vanilla can be made from the sap of the pine-tree, essence of almonds from benzine, and the delicate perfumes of woodruff and melilot from coal-tar, other scents as fragrant can be obtained from the unsavory refuse of the stable.

Rags are now recognized as such a valuable commodity that in some countries their export is forbidden by government. Old sails are made into paper used for bank-notes, so it is said, and old ropes reappear as brown paper; but many other things besides flax, hemp, and cotton are now used in the manufacture, and paper is made and remade over and over again. Not a scrap of paper need be wasted, for there are plenty of persons ready to buy it; and if not good enough for remanufacture as paper, it can always be converted into papier-mache, no matter what its color or quality. Cuttings of paper severed by bookbinders, pasteboard makers, envelope-cutters, pocket-book-makers, and paper-hangers are readily brought up; and so too are ton-weight of old ledgers and account-books by the papier-mache manufacturer, together with old letters and any other paper-rubbish, giving a pledge that all shall be promptly consigned to destruction in his large vat; and out of this heterogeneous assemblage he produces a substance so hard and firm and durable that it has been suggested as suitable for making soldiers' huts and even ships. It is already put to a variety of uses, and is employed for ceiling ornaments, cornices, frames, mill-boards, bulk-heads, cabin partitions, piano-cases, chairs, tables, &c. One complete suite of papier-mache furniture inlaid with mother-of-pearl was made a few years ago for the Queen of Spain. Woollen rags are always saleable for the purpose of being ground to powder, colored, and used for flock-papers and artificial flowers; while they may be re-manufactured, no matter how old they may be, and with a certain admixture of new wool, converted into a coarse kind of cloth largely exported to South America.

We might go on in this way almost *ad infinitum*, showing how one waste substance after another has been taken up and made into an important factor in the social economy; but enough has been said to prove that it is not so easy as it might seem at first sight to say with any certainty what is rubbish.

Grains of Gold.

In all quarrels, leave open the door of reconciliation.

Just as much as we see in others, we have in ourselves.

Better cut the tongue out entirely than not to govern it.

Never read letters which you may find addressed to others.

A true religious sentiment never deprived man of a single joy.

Things themselves change less than our manner of looking at them.

As too long retirement weakens the mind, so too much company dissipates it.

He who murmurs at his lot, is like one baring his feet to tread upon thorns.

No man can be despised by others, unless he has first been despised by himself.

We esteem people less for what they are worth, than for what they are worth to us.

It is not round sentences, but pointed ones, that are sure to stick in the memory.

Society is a masked ball, where everyone hides his real character, and reveals it by hiding.

There is but one thing which is estimated in heaven by what it costs here, and that is virtue.

Sorrows are like tempest clouds: in the distance they look black, but when above us scarcely gray.

You must walk like a camel, which is said to be the only beast which ruminates when it walks.

To judge of a man's virtue by one great action, is like measuring his height while he leaps in the air.

The readiest way to entangle the mind with false doctrine is first to entice the will to wanton living.

Quiet is often strength; silence wisdom. The swift stream is not always powerful, nor the noisy one deep.

There is no trait more valuable than a determination to persevere when the right thing is to be accomplished.

When an extravagant friend wishes to borrow your money, consider which of the two you had rather lose.

Men will never know us by our faith, for that is within us; they know us by our works, which are visible to them.

One should not dispute with a man who, either through stupidity or shamelessness, denies plain and visible truths.

Minds capable of the greatest things can enjoy the most trivial, as the elephant's trunk can knock down a lion or pick up a pin.

The sun never enlightens all parts of our bodies at the same time; neither can reason illuminate all sides of the mind at once.

He that has really felt the bitterness of sin will fear to commit it; and he that hath felt the sweetness of mercy will fear to offend it.

An angry man, who suppresses his passions, thinks worse than he speaks; an angry man that will chide, speaks worse than he thinks.

The end of all knowledge is to understand what is fit to be done; for to know what has been, and what is, and what may be, does but tend to that.

Never write on a subject without having first read yourself full on it; and never read on a subject till you have thought yourself hungry on it.

Kindness has converted more sinners than zeal, eloquence or learning, and these three last have never converted any one unless they were kind also.

Be careful not to interrupt another man when he is speaking; hear him out, and you will hear him better, and be able to give him a better answer.

Men trust rather to their eyes than to their ears; the effect of precepts is therefore slow and tedious, whilst that of examples is summary and effectual.

Mankind too generally mistake anarchy for liberty, ostentation for generosity, passion for love, and vanity for pride; yet how widely different are they all.

Some men make a great flourish about always doing what they believe to be right, but always manage to believe that is right which is for their own interest.

False happiness renders men stern and proud, and that happiness is never communicated. True happiness renders them kind and sensible, and that happiness is always shared.

Garments that have one rent in them are subject to be torn on every nail, and glasses that are once cracked, are soon broken; such is a man's good name, once tainted with reproach.

One of the illustrations is that the present hour is the critical, decisive hour. Write it on your heart that every day is the best day in the year. No man has learned anything rightly until he knows that every day is the year is doomsday.

Feminimilies.

Queen Victoria is called grandmother in seven languages.

A new lace pin is two mice dancing on a gold griddle, ablaze with garnets.

Cooking matches by young ladies are among the attractions of Southern fairs.

An English woman visiting in Maine, who is 44 years old, is the mother of twenty-one children.

It is a malicious woman who will slyly put long hairs on a man's coat, just to make his wife jealous.

A young man calls his girl, who has promised to marry him, "Silence," because she gives consent.

The newest jet fringes are made of strings of graduated jet beads that are hollow, yet are beautifully cut in facets.

No more certain is it that the flower was made to wait perfume, than that woman's destiny is a ministry of love.

"She's pretty, and she knows it," is the title of a new song. To say that she knows it is a ridiculous superfluity.

Fashionable belts for ladies are now made of alligator skins. They match charmingly with snake bracelets and bugs for bonnets.

Corsage bouquets of two or three kinds of flowers in a large cluster are now furnished by the modiste with almost all street costumes.

To the Dutch the ladies of all nations are indebted for the invention of the thimble. The Dutch achieved this great invention about the year 1690.

The heart of woman draws to itself the love of others as the diamond drinks up the sun's rays—only to return them in tenfold strength and beauty.

Girls of the period care more for dress than demeanor, for show than solidity, for romping than reading, and many never look at more than one book—the pocket-book.

It is said that brides on their wedding tour waste enough food at the tables of hotels to keep entire villages from starvation. So much happiness takes away their appetite.

All the books ever written and all the sermons ever preached never shut up one millinery shop, or had a cent's worth of influence on the quantity of dress goods turned out.

That girl is clutching old time right by the bangs, who, when her "gentleman friend" drops in to spend an evening, gives him a gentle hint as to what she would like to have about Christmas.

Every man who is fond of preaching economy to his wife, should ask himself how often she practises that self-denial, in little personal expenditures, which he is constantly recommending to her.

The Workingmen's Congress at Marseilles, France, has demanded the emancipation of women. The Paris delegates advocate giving women a deliberate voice in the commune and in the State.

Iowa has a woman who writes for three papers, does all her own work, saws and splits her own wood, and who recently whaled a tramp within an inch of his life because he said she ought to get married.

A young lady has written to know what is a cure for lovesickness. As other eminent physicians have previously prescribed, we suggest the same old time-tried, fire-tested remedy—marriage. It has never been known to fail.

The wife of the Sheriff of Sacramento, Cal., horsewhipped a female blackmailer who came to her house to tell stories against her husband, and a jury not only acquitted her of assault and battery, but sent her home in a carriage.

A photographer recently took ignoble revenge on two girls who sat for pictures, and then would not take them, by displaying the rejected photographs in front of his gallery, labeled: "These pictures look too much like the originals. They would not take them."

In Massachusetts a married woman can make a will of one-half of all she possesses without her husband's consent, unless she give it all to him, in which case the law does not require his written consent, assuming, with a tolerable degree of safety, that in such a case it would be granted.

"Augustus did you think to take my hymn book out of the rack after service this morning?" "I didn't, love!" "Oh, what a shame! It isn't a bit fashionable this year to leave the books in pews, and, besides, that was so *outre*. It does seem as if were just beset with calamities wherever we go."

There is a little girl in Connecticut, whose father and mother are cousins, her grandfather and grandmother are cousins, her grandmother on her father's side is aunt to both her grandfather and grandmother on her mother's side, her grandfather and grandmother are own cousin to her father, and so on.

"Do you make any reduction to a minister?" said a young lady in Richmond the other day to a salesman. "Always. Are you a minister's wife?" "Oh, no. I am not married," said the lady, blushing. "Daughter, then?" "No." The salesman looked puzzled. "I am engaged to a theological student," she said. The reduction was made.

No young woman should attempt to teach any school unless she is confident of a love for children, a culture of mind and manners, a vigor of health and a preliminary training which will enable her to do solid work, and be a blessing to the child. Of all ambitions the poor conceit of hanging on the edge of a noble profession is the most fruitless.

A railroad train recently moved out of Denver with a bride on board, but the careless husband was left at the station. He was wild with excitement when he understood she had been whisked off on her honeymoon journey alone, and at length a compassionate official put him on a special locomotive, with orders to the engineer to overtake the bride at all hazards.

The women who travel in the suburban horse cars will recognize a kindred spirit in the person's wife whose baggage consisted of a live duck and a drake in a basket; a live hen and chickens in another basket; three boiled lobsters; a stone jar of jam, about the size, weight, and shape of a shell for a thirty-five ton gun; a bundle of young apple trees wrapped round with straw; a pot of sea pinks; a bundle of ferns; a pocket-handkerchief full of mould; a carpetbag, umbrella, overshoes and wrappers.

Lucetiæ.

Headquarters—A pillow.

The stamp act—A clog dance.

Cold steel—Hooking a lump of ice.

A vein search—That of the leech.

Run on the banks—Sliding down hill.

A tall opening—The uncovered coal hole.

"Out West" they read it "Loathe the poor Indian."

Is a dog worth what he will fetch, or what he will bring?

Strange but they don't reap the ice harvest with icicles.

The home stretch is best taken in the evening on the sofa.

Girls should remember, "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wives."

A storekeeper has written on his door, "Every one shuts this door but you."

No true gentleman will ask a lady if her coral jewelry is made of sealing-wax.

Delilah subdued a man by cutting his hair. Most women do it by pulling the man's hair out by the roots.

A schoolmaster in Ohio advertises that he will keep Sunday-school twice a week—on Tuesdays and Saturdays.

The man who unexpectedly sat down in some warm glue, thinks there is more than one way of getting stuck.

An Italian doesn't object to running a chestnut roaster. There is the crank to turn, and the noise is about the same.

If there is anything in this world more abundant and less satisfying than promises, we have yet to learn what it is.

"I am not particular," he remarked when the tailor refused to trust him; "I am not particular, but I can't be suited here."

"The night air will kill you," said a fond mother to her son. "Don't fret, mother," said he; "I never come home till morning."

Rheumatism is frequently the result of an overdose of moisture; in other words, to be caught out in a pouring rain often ensures a roaring pain.

Baltimore is said to have such poor gas that two policemen lose their way on their night beats, and have to inquire the way to the station-house.

A paper in the neighborhood of Rochester, N. Y., advertises a church pew for sale "commanding a beautiful view of nearly the whole congregation."

"Well, Pat, Jim didn't quite kill you with the brickbat, did he?" "No, but I wish he had." "Why so?" "So that I could have seen him hung, the villain!"

"Pure religion and undefiled," according to the good book, "is to visit the widow and fatherless in affliction;" not with affliction, as many people understand it.

"Martha," said a new made Granger to his wife, "we will have lots of pumpkins next year. I planted about forty; had to dig awful big holes to put 'em in, though."

"Well," said a doting uncle to his little nephew, who had been fishing all day—"well, did you catch a good many fish?" "No, uncle, but I drowned a good many worms," was the reply.

When an ill-natured fellow was trying to pick a quarrel with a peaceable man, the latter said: "I never had a fuss with but one man; he was buried at four o'clock; it is now half-past three."

"Oh, grandma!" cried a mischievous little urchin, "I cheated the hens so nicely just now! I threw them your gold beads, and they thought they were corn, and ate them up as fast as they could."

It may be true that a hundred cancelled postage stamps will buy a Chinese baby, but the fellow who had a baby left on his steps for nothing, wants to know what's the use of gathering postage-stamps.

One phase of ambition is to belong to a secret order, listen to jaw in a lodge all one's life, and finally be followed to the grave by two dozen black-coated brothers, in white gloves two sizes too large.

Said Mrs Fitzmaurice, "the dear child is such an ethereal creature, and so delicate! You will scarcely credit it, but she lost a hairpin out of her head one day last week, and she has had a frightful cold ever since."

"Beautiful moonlight when I came in last night," said Mohair, breaking the ominous silence at breakfast. "Yes," said Mrs. Mohair, blandly, from the other side of the table; "but scarcely light enough for you to open the front door with a button-hook, which you couldn't tell from your latch-key."

There would be fewer accidents in this world if men would take their wives' advice, for we never yet heard of a man's head being blown off with a shot-gun, or his being run over by the cars, but what his wife said she had always told him to keep away from the railroad track or never touch a gun.

They grow some rather tall women beyond the Mississippi. An occidental poet writes that he "kissed the clouds from her sweet, fair face." It seems almost incredible that he could, just by standing upon her face, kiss the clouds; but truth and poetry are inseparable, and we are bound to believe.

I am inclined to think the following an excellent story. What do you say? "Mrs. Muriel took great interest in parish affairs. Last year she promised to assist in decorating the parish church. One illuminated text she thought would look well over the chancel screen, and she requested her husband to bring it from town. As might have been suspected, he forgot the text, and telegraphed to his wife for particulars. To the surprise of all the telegraph clerks, this message came flashing over the wires: 'Unto us a child is born, nine feet long by two feet broad!'"

CONGESTION OF THE LUNGS. Inflammation of the Throat, and Difficulty of Breathing, frequently result from a severe Cold. The remedial properties combined in Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, are especially designed to break up feverish and inflammatory tendencies, remove Constriction of the Throat, and by bringing about a free expectoration, promote natural respiration, and a speedy cure. A reputation maintained for forty years, affords to all a guarantee of the practical merit of the remedy.

News Notes.

In San Francisco bay are 92 varieties of fish for food.

One of the Michigan iron mines is to be lit by a British electric light.

It is estimated that Miss Astor's wedding presents were worth half a million.

California is infested with swarms of wild geese, which do serious damage to the grain.

An urgent request has been sent by the Merchants' Club of Boston to John Bright to visit this country.

It is understood the Marquis of Lorne will visit England about Christmas and return with the Princess.

George Pyle, a Wilmington machinist, claims to have invented a machine which will turn out two horse-shoes a second.

Extraordinary festivities are to follow the Spanish marriage on December 5. Foreign courts will be specially represented.

Governor Howard, of Dakota Territory, says that at Deadwood carpenters are pocketing $6 a day, and common laborers $4.

The Charlotteburgh iron mine New York, has been sold to an English company for $50,000. They will begin to work at once.

Hard times in Russia but not for the Czar. The new yacht, Clyde built, will cost, exclusive of furnishing and decorations, $1 000,000.

More than one-half of the children in Kentucky who are of fit age to be getting some kind of an education, attend no school whatever.

The Prince of Wales' sons recieve as naval cadets twenty-five cents a day, which will be raised to forty-five cents when they become midshipmen.

A schoolmaster at Tiffin, Ohio, used a piece of rubber hose with which to whip his pupils, and it proved so effective that a little girl was nearly killed.

Several girls at Hagerstown, Ind., tattooed their legs with the figure of a garter. The coloring matter proved to be poisonous, and one of the sufferers is in a critical condition.

An excursion of 90 miles by bicycle has just been enjoyed by a number of young Bostonians, although the route was not all over the good roads that most bicyclists demand.

The Western Railway Company of France recently exhibited a double-headed steel rail which had been in use eighteen consecutive years, and over which 256,000 trains had passed.

Teamsters along the Gila river, Arizona, complain of the large herds of wild camels that have of late taken possession of the main road, to the consternation of horses and mules.

Montenegro is a unique country in regard to its postal business. Until lately the mails were not sent to any of the cities or villages, but every citizen had to go for his letters to the capital.

A Chinaman in Paris committed suicide because his tormentors had cut off his queue. He fastened the cherished braid with pins to the place where it ought to grow and jumped into the river.

It is asserted that 120 000 persons die every year in Great Britain from intemperance—10 500 dying from their own excess, and 70 500 from the indirect consequences of the excess of others.

The capital invested in British railways is at the rate of $224 000 per mile, while the investment in American railways is at the rate of $54 310 per mile, and this is considerably above what our roads actually cost.

Dr and Mrs. Smith, of Newfield, have a young child who can claim eleven grandparents and great grandparents, but neither uncle, aunt nor cousin, and never can have, the parents having neither brother nor sister.

Sour stomach, sick headache and dizziness, Hop Bitters cures with a few doses.

The tax on armorial bearings in England last year brought over $400 000 to the revenue, a sum only $25 000 a year less than the Parliamentary grants to the Prince and Princess of Wales, Duke of Edinburgh, and Prince Leopold.

A woman who was called as a witness in an assault case tried in the Edinburgh Police Court recently, on being asked by the magistrate what was the profession of her husband, answered promptly, "My husband is a bankrupt, sir."

A Blockade that should be Raised.

The egress from the system of waste material through the natural channels should be rendered free, without loss of time, when a blockade is produced by an attack of constipation, a disorder which if it becomes chronic, is productive of serious bodily mischief. Jaundice, severe headache, nausea, dyspepsia, the usual concomitants of the malady mentioned, all indicate that the bodily functions are materially interfered with. Hostetter's Bitters is particularly efficacious in cases of this sort, and renders the habit of body perfectly regular. It is a medicine greatly to be preferred to drastic cathartics. Which are well calculated to drench, but unhappily also to weaken the intestines. We say unhappily, since such medicines are the favorite resource of many ill-advised persons, who resort to them upon the most trivial occasion, and greatly to their discomfort and injury.

Holiday Presents.

A Piano or Organ is the most suitable Holiday Present that can ever be made. Hon. Daniel F. Beatty, of Washington, New Jersey, offers elsewhere in this issue splendid bargains for HOLIDAY PRESENTS. Mayor Beatty's celebrated Pianos and Organs are giving entire satisfaction, and we know that our readers will do well to purchase of him.

So great has been the demand for these celebrated instruments within the last few months, that Mr. Beatty has been compelled to erect a new mammoth factory at Washington, New Jersey, corner Railroad avenue and Beatty street.

Read his advertisement and send for his Illustrated Newspaper, Holiday Edition, before you purchase.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. SHERAR, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

To Be Kept at the Head.

Each of Warner's Safe Remedies—the Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, Safe Pills, Safe Nervine, and Safe Bitters, is asserted to be the best of its class, and the intention is to keep it so. If any medical expert can add an ingredient which will improve any one of them, he will be paid a high price for the improvement.

A CARD.—To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of vitality, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, *Station D, New York City*.

THE SECRET KEY TO HEALTH.—The Science of Life, or Self-Preservation, 300 pages. Price, only $1. Contains fifty valuable prescriptions, either one of which is worth more than ten times the price of the book. Illustrated sample sent on receipt of 6 cents for postage. Address, Dr. W. H. Parker, 4 Bulfinch St., Boston, Mass.

Parties wishing to operate in Stock, in large or small amounts, will find a safe and profitable method through the undersigned. Explanations and financial paper, market reports, etc., free on application. SMALLEY & GALE, Stock Brokers 9 Broadway, N. Y.

We have examined a sample of the "Common Sense Hair Crimper, Frizzer and Curler," advertised in another column, and we unhesitatingly advise our lady readers to give them a trial, as they seem to be all that the advertiser claims for them.

Kidney and Urinary complaints of all kinds permanently cured with Hop Bitters.

When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

Tubal Cain.

WANTED.—Agents for the finest Masonic Engraving ever published in this country. Engraved on steel in the highest style of the art. None but thoroughly posted Masons, who will give their entire time to the work. For particulars and descriptive circulars apply to the publishers,

BRADLEY & CO.,
66 North Fourth st., Philadelphia, Pa

THE POULTRY WORLD.

(MONTHLY)

And AMERICAN POULTRY YARD,

(WEEKLY)

Both Publications are exclusively devoted to Poultry.

"THE POULTRY WORLD" is sent post-paid for 1.25 per year; the "AMERICAN POULTRY YARD" for $1.50. Both papers for $2.00.

Samples mailed free on application.

A series of magnificent Chromos, each representing a standard breed of fowls, sent for 75 cents extra, to all subscribers of either publication.

Address H. H. STODDARD & CO., Hartford, Conn.

LADIES Don't Fail to Use IMPERIAL OPAL.

A new French Cosmetic for beautifying, whitening, and preserving the skin, making it soft, fair, delicate smooth, and giving it a clear, pearly complexion, which is the type of the highest style of BEAUTY. It is magical in its effects, curing Chapped Hands or Lips, and removing Tan, Pimples Sunburn, Freckles, and other cutaneous issues of the skin giving brightness to the eye and the clear, fresh bloom of youth to the cheek, and is the Only Reliable Article Ever Made for beautifying the skin and complexion. It contains no mineral or poisonous substances like most articles before the public claiming to be "beautifiers of the skin," the constant use of which would result in the total destruction of the skin. IMPERIAL OPAL is put up in the form of a powder, which is mixed with water and the liquid applied with a soft sponge. In a few moments the skin will be clear and soft. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. Sent postpaid to any address on receipt of $1, or Trial Box (one-third of regular size) for 50c. Address ANNIE E. LONGACRE, Ephrata, Pa.

PINAFORE DUETS.

Pinafore and Violin or Flute, 30 best airs, 50 cents.

NEW BOSTON MELODEON

contains 12 best Songs from Pinafore, "Old Folks at Home," "Flee as a Bird," "Mocking Bird," "Put me in my Little Bed," "Marching Through Georgia" and 245 other popular songs and pieces harmonized for 4 voices, with accompaniment for Organ and Piano. $1.50 or $13.50 per dozen. Also for Orchestra, PINAFORE WALTZES and PINAFORE QUADRILLES, each, 9 parts, 30 cents; 5 parts, 25 cents. Pianoforte, 20 cents. Sent, postpaid.

ELIAS HOWE 108 Court St., Boston, Mass.

THE GREAT REMEDY FOR CURING CONSUMPTION.

ALLEN'S Lung Balsam!

Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections. Endorsed by Best Press and Physicians. Taken by Thousands. SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Photographic Apparatus Complete 50 cents, so simple that any boy or girl can photograph perfectly at once; contains all the necessary chemicals, printing-frame negatives, albumen paper, directions, etc. WORTH BROS., & CO., 28 Sixth St. New York.

BIG PAY to sell rubber Printing Stamps, Post-office Daters, Self-Inkers, movable type, etc. Samples free. E. Taylor & Co., Cleveland, O.

WANTED Salesmen to take general State Agencies. Salary and expenses paid. References required. TRIUMPH MF'G CO., 118 Monroe St., Chicago.

HEALTH IS WEALTH

Health or Body is Wealth of Mind.

RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

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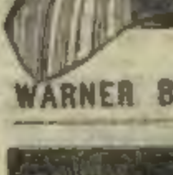

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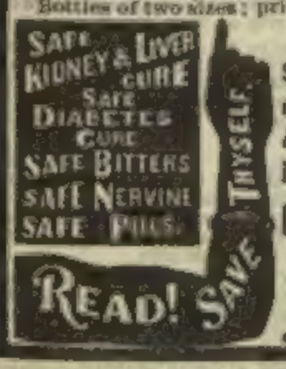

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FASHION NOTES.

THE Almaviva is among the new short costumes. The skirt is of black striped plush, bordered with two pleatings of black satin; black cashmere tunic, open in front and cut out in points, which are edged with jet leaflets; black plush bodice, with jet cuffs and collar.

A peacock blue cashmere lavenue tunic over a kilted satin skirt to match, trimmed with a puff. The hem of the Louis XIII. tunic is covered with a Louis XIII. embroidery, representing flowers in different shades of blue velvet veined with gold, the velvet being again embroidered with silks. The cashmere bodice, like the tunic, is trimmed in front with similar embroidery, which is also repeated on the collar, basques, and sleeves. A Chasseur jacket of peacock plush, with a satin plastron, was made to wear with this costume. It is fastened at the side with gold and enamel buttons.

The new woolen fabrics are pliable and of light weight, yet give the effect of thick, heavy materials. For plain costumes made entirely of one fabric there are cloths with indistinct threads, lines, and checks of many colors mingled, and presenting the effect of self-colored stuffs. In the same class is the Majolique camel's hair, in two shaded stripes of dark contrasting colors, such as old-gold with the darkest Japanese blue, or with garnet, green, or brown. There are various glace-shaded woolen materials. Some are plain grounds; others are natte, with squarely woven threads; and others are Pekins, having very small stripes. Red shot with green is evidently a favorite combination, as it is shown in changeable fabrics of all qualities.

Brocaded woolen fabrics of Oriental designs, especially those with palm-leaf or arabesque patterns, form the largest part of the materials that are meant to be used in combination with other stuffs. The richest of these have silk woven with them, sometimes as much as two-thirds of the fabric being silk, yet the wool is kept on the surface, and the effect is as rich as that of the camel's-hair shawls.

Chrysanthemums are very popular as a bouquet de corsage, the dark cerise for brunettes, mauve and white for blondes. When the dress is high, the bouquet of chrysanthemums is fastened on the left side of the large necktie, or quite close to the ear, and another small bouquet in the centre of the chest. It is also good taste to fasten a small dahlia at the back of the ear; its colors are velvety and soft, and prove eminently becoming.

Point d'esprit is now being used for neck cravats. It is so light that it would fly away, were it not for the butterfly, or other flying insect, which pins it down. The Merveilleuse cravat, however, is made of thicker material, such as Indian muslin, or Bretonne lace. The Louis XIV. cravat is of rich old lace. The Country Beau cravat is of white muslin embroidered in colors; it is also made of printed or painted muslin. The Henri IV. collaret with cuffs to match are adopted by ladies with swan-like neck. Amongst fichus let me mention the Fontanges fichu of white lace, with a bouquet of flowers on the shoulder, and by another at the waist. The Villageoise fichu of white muslin, edged with lace, crossed in front at the waist, under the waist-belt. Then there is the Spiral fichu, which is of lace twisted in front like a spiral staircase. The Dauphine or Marie Antoinette fichu, with long ends crossed in front, and tied at the back, with a bouquet of flowers in front. Mechlin lace has superceded Valenciennes in the trimming of underclothing. Chemises both for night and day wear, trousers, petticoat bodies, underskirts, overskirts, matinee jackets, handkerchiefs, morning caps, etc., are all trimmed with Mechlin lace.

Several demi toilette bodies to be worn with any colored skirt are made of Indian embroidered cashmere. Some are embroidered in colored flowers, and gold and silver thread. These bodies are very elegant, rich, and becoming. They are also very convenient, as they can, as I have already stated, be worn with dresses or skirts of any color, and of any material. They are equally elegant with a black or colored silk skirt, a white cashmere, a muslin delaine, or a white or colored muslin. The body is made quite tight, and of the shape of a very long cuirasse. It can even be made of plain cashmere, velvet or satin, but then it is trimmed round the neck, hips and wrists with swan's-down or ermine.

Here is one of the most elegant which I have seen. It is of white brocade, embroidered in colored roses. The front is open over an under fichu of white gauze, embroidered with pearls or white jet. This fichu is then carried round the bottom of the jacket, and is tied together on the left side, like a Turkish scarf. A bouquet of flowers is placed among the loops of the scarf on the left side. The back of the body is somewhat longer than the front. It is buttoned at the back.

Dressing-gowns are made with paniers—that is, the front plastron is quite plain and of plush, whilst the rest of the dressing-gown is of cashmere. The fronts are looped up at the sides with satin ribbons to form the paniers. The back forms a Watteau plait. The neck and all the cashmere part of the robe is edged round with a deep ruching. At the neck and sleeves there are also lace frills.

Paniers, though almost generally worn, are not indispensable to a dress, and many houses still compose charming panierless costumes for ladies who hesitate to wear high puffs. In this case, cover the whole of the front with a slightly gathered drapery, and down the center and sides of this drapery run a coquille of lace or loops of ribbon. This, without clinging to the figure does not increase the appearance of its size. The back of the skirt is looped up in draperies, and is edged round a wide ruching. The bodice for this dress reaches to the waist, is cut square, and underneath is a high chemisette, gathered into the neck, with a lace ruching round the neck. Round the waist a wide ribbon sash, tied at the back. Sleeves to the elbow, edged with lace.

Fichus have never been so popular as they will be this winter. They are really corsage trimmings, the most diverse that can be imagined—of simple point d'esprit net, of old lace worth one hundred and twenty dollars a yard, of black or white blonde, of lace embroidered in gold or silver, or colored silk, or else of lace painted by hand. They are made to suit all tastes and every purse. These pleated fichus, large or small, are cut exactly to fit the neck of the corsage with which they are worn. Their trimmings are composed of sprays of flowers, bows of ribbon, or fancy jewelry. A simpler style is a square of white India muslin widely hemmed, and worn tied carelessly around the neck with dark dresses, both in the house and street.

I have seen some very pretty bonnets, which I will describe, as they give a good idea of winter modes. The first was a Duchess capote, made of white satin and gold braid, and entirely covered with Alencon lace. The second was a sealskin bonnet, with a tiny bird at the side; and the third was a mantille of Spanish blonde, which formed a point at the back. The hood, to be drawn over the head, was ornamented with satin flots and bows. A cascade ruche of blonde edged the mantille, and a tuft of dark roses was fastened at the back of the left ear.

Black plush bonnets, with birds having silvery plumage, are likely to be very popular; the shape is the Directoire. There is much taste displayed in the tying bonnet strings, which, by the way, are de rigueur this season; they are not tied formally with two loops under chin; but, commencing at the back, they are twisted carelessly in front, to form a jabot. The ends are often trimmed with lace, and, for this purpose, the cashmere lace is most useful.

Turbans of felt and velvet are also a popular style. The felt turbans have the brims covered with velvet, and are trimmed with rich feather trimmings and birds.

A dress of one material is rarely seen, and the combination of three or four fabrics in one robe are better understood than last season, the effect being much less patchy. As a general rule the brocbe or the figured material is used for the bodice, paniers, and a portion of the train, while the plain is kept for the tablier and narrow plaiting that border the train. In some dresses the most opposing contrasts of color are to be remarked; in others a single color prevails. When satin is selected for a dinner dress, it is generally a deep shade of garnet, and the brocade used with it has a mastic-colored ground studded with pale blue and garnet flowers. There appears to be no limit to the different shades of red introduced this winter. A new dull shade called Chandon is the last; it is sometimes also called Etna, or flame.

The bodices of dinner dresses are made as pointed basques, short on the hips, and long V-shaped, or low and square-cut in front, the back, on the contrary, being very high. The opening is filled in with gathered lisse. Sometimes the satin bodice is embroidered all over with beaded figures, and very handsome is the effect when clear white beads are used on pink, pearl or cashmere beads on white, and jet or rainbow beads on black satin. The sleeves worn with such basques are made of beads, and terminate with a bead fringe. A quantity of thin crepe is used in all colors for plaitings; it matches the dress, and beads are sewn to the edge of the plaitings. Trains are both square and round; some have a breadth of plain satin down the centre, and brocade at each side; others are vice versa, having the brocade in the middle. A good deal of gathering or gauging is to be seen on many of the newest trains. When flowers are used to ornament a dinner dress four bouquets are worn. The smallest is fastened at the right side of the neck, the second on the left corner of the open square in front, the third at the foot of the front breadth of the skirt, and the fourth low on the train.

Carriage dresses are very showy, and in these garnet is the favorite color, the most approved trimming being gay Indian tambour work, in which gold thread and cashmere coloring vie for prominence. They are made with Marquise coats of plush, and demi-train satin skirts, and they look well both in garnet and gendarme blue. One color is used throughout the dress, the cuffs, collar and bands being of Indian embroidery. Some coats are made of velvet, and trimmed with cashmere passementerie. The Turc satin, in shot or changeable colorings, is also a favorite material for carriage dresses, especially combined with embossed velvet. Plainer costumes are made of cloth—either Japanese blue or Bordeaux red, and are trimmed with Indian embroidery; the muff also ornamented to match the costume.

Fireside Chat.

FASHIONABLE DRAWING ROOM.

A LADY'S drawing room is perhaps a good indication as to her social position and standing; as to whether she is old fashioned in her ideas, or whether she marches with the times; whether she moves in fashionable circles, or whether she is outside of such; whether she be of an imitative turn of mind, or whether she is slow to observe a prevailing fashion or new style, either in the way of comfort or elegance, and is still slower in adopting it. The fashion of the finishing touches of a drawing room, its ornaments, its knick knacks, its accessories to ease and luxury, its embellishments, its decorations, and even its furniture, varies as materially as do the fashions in apparel. What is in fashion to-day is out of fashion to-morrow, and what is true of the drawing room is equally applicable to every room of the house, from bedroom to boudoir. It is not in the large and expensive articles that fashion is most fickle, but in those thousand and one trifles which make up the tout ensemble of the home of a woman of taste. Women are essentially imitative creatures. In some this talent, this power of admiring and adopting, is more developed than in others; but wherever it exists in a marked degree, the home presents a striking contrast to that of the lady who is devoid of this quality. This talent stands those most in good stead whose incomes do not admit of very lavish expenditure, and who therefore cannot compete with their more wealthy sisters in the purchase of objects of art and vertu—objects which are beautiful in themselves, and as costly as beautiful, requiring little or no taste on the part of the purchaser to set them off to advantage, a long purse being the key to their possession. But in the matter of taste or adornment of a room in a pretty and inexpensive way, all ladies can enter into competition; and it is interesting to observe how speedily an idea or style introduced by one lady, and copied by a second, soon becomes general.

A strong argument in favor of marching with the times, and following fashion's lead is that the fashions of to-day are in every way more artistic and beautiful than were those of yesterday. Take for instance, a drawing-room timepiece, it is no longer considered the thing to display on the centre of a mantelpiece a large gaudy, ornate, ormolu clock; surmounted by a long-legged nymph pouring gilded water from an over-turned pitcher, preserved from the dust or the flies by a still larger glass shade. These French clocks have departed to other regions in company with the cut-glass lustres and the alabaster statuettes under glass shades, by which the timepiece was supported on either side, and which formed the only ornaments of the mantelpiece. These heavy, cumbersome articles are now replaced by anything quaint, original, pretty or beautiful in the way of Dresden or Chelsea china, Wedgewood or Minton wares, Worcester or Japanese, anything antique, or anything modern; but whatever the ornament, whether large or small, it is never placed under a glass shade, but stands on the velvet mantelboard, and it is not by any means necessary that these ornaments should go in pairs. The best style of mantelboards are straight ones, with a deep border of lace—nails and fringe are out of date. Heavy gold-framed mantelpiece mirrors, topped with a heavy cornice, are not purchased to-day; and those ladies who can discard them, either modify the frames to a small gold beading or velvet band, so as not to attract the eye, or when the rooms are not very large and lofty, oval or octagon-shaped mirrors are preferred in velvet or china frames, or Venetian mirrors. Fender-stools are considered inadmissible in a fashionable drawing-room. Hearth-rugs, with full-blown colored flowers, or any kind of pattern, are replaced by Persian or sheepskin rugs; black, white, or colored are equally fancied. When the drawing-room floor is a parquet one it is covered by a variety of these rugs placed about the floor; others have a square carpet in the middle of the room, with only a parquet border. As the heavy cornices are discarded over the mantelpiece mirrors, so are they equally discarded, when possible, over the windows, or reduced to the smallest proportions in the matter of gilding; draperies, or the severe Queen Anne style, being the prevailing idea.

Japanese fabrics are much in favor at the present moment. Some ladies adorn the walls of their drawing rooms with these materials. A good effect was produced in a drawing-room of the day by a dado being formed of Japanese tapestry placed in a narrow oak bead frame, and reaching about three feet in height from the floor, extending around the whole of the rooms. These were not fixtures, but lightly put up, so that they could be removed at pleasure without injury to the walls. It is now quite a feature to ornament the panels of the drawing-room doors with pictures painted for the purpose, and let in under glass, so that the door presents a level surface, the panels being thus filled up; or the panels of the doors are painted with floral designs, and the beadings are painted black, red, blue, or gold to harmonise with the style of decoration, but gold and gilding are not used in a lavish manner in drawing-room decorations, quite the reverse, and, when introduced, it is done with taste and discretion. Some adopt the plan of placing a shelf for china ornaments and china jars at the top of the drawing room door inside the room. Beakers and handsome jars of every description of china are placed upon massive bog oak brackets at a considerable height on the walls, so that the jars are but a few inches from the cornice of the ceiling. The much sought for blue china jars on red brackets have a good effect. The supports of the mantelpieces are often panelled in the same way as are the doors, and some even panel the shutters of the windows and the walls on either side of the pier glasses with floral designs, interspersed with birds or arabesques. When the pier glasses have narrow bead frames, or when the glasses are let into the walls in small recesses for the purpose, this panelling looks remarkably well. Plate-glass mirrors from ceiling to floor are now very little in request in ordinary-sized drawing-rooms; and, indeed, large pier glasses have rather gone out of fashion than not, and people do not fall back upon plate glass to ornament their drawing-rooms. It is left to the hotels to glitter and reflect from their many mirrors. Everyone who could has now introduced into their drawing-rooms the tiled fireplaces, if they have not adopted the brass fire dogs and the marble fenders.

The Municipality of Vienna has resolved to take into public care the tombs of the great composers who repose outside the city walls. Beethoven, Schubert, Haydn, Mozart, and Gluck are among the names read by the wanderer through the cemeteries of Vienna, and not a few visitors to these memorable shrines have been pained to observe the neglected aspect of some of them. It is not long since sacrilegious hands defaced the memorial erected to Mozart by the town, which permitted him to be buried in the common fosse, and two or three years ago the tomb of Schubert at Wahring, was fast falling into a ruinous state. Vienna will henceforth guard the monuments of the masters who in life did her so much honor, and make them bright with flowers.

Benjamin Devries, one of the wealthiest men of Columbus, Ohio, became possessed of an impulse to get off a street car in which he had started for his office. He wandered to St. Louis, he says, and for a week was only vaguely conscious of who and where he was. At length he read a newspaper account of his disappearance, slowly realized that the name was his own, and went back home. He has since been completely restored to health.

An English clergyman recently committed suicide on the Isle of Wright by sliding down a cliff 600 feet high.

Answers to Inquirers.

P. U. N. (Schenectady, N. Y.)—Send it on. We will examine it.

TOM P. (Utica, N. Y.)—Will answer you by mail on receipt of addressed postal card.

KATHIE, (Fulton, Pa.)—If you open your eyes in cold water every morning when rising it will strengthen them.

J. L. (Camden, N. J.)—Short sight, when natural, cannot be cured. It results from the peculiar shape of the eye.

C. T. P. (Hamilton, Ont.)—It is simply a want of self possession, a rusticity, which will wear off as you mix more in society.

LILLY P. (Perry, Mo.)—The Hallowe'en rite is, of course, only an absurd superstition, which none but silly persons have any belief in.

T. U. (Philadelphia, Pa.)—A woman when divorced from her husband may assume her original surname. A letter directed as you describe would be duly delivered.

ANDY JACKSON, (New Haven, Conn.)—We do not discuss politics in this column. Have not the least idea who will be the next President of the United States.

INQUIRER, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—General Grant's Democratic opponent for the office of President for the first term was Horatio Seymour—second, Horace Greeley.

RULA, (Fillmore, Minn.)—Unless you particularly wish to become acquainted with him, it is not necessary to invite him to call on you; it would not be impolite if you did not.

MARY, (Polk, Wis.)—The young man's conduct was very shabby and mean; but you may congratulate yourself that you have got rid of a dishonorable suitor, who was little likely to make you a good husband.

COUNTRAIR, (Passaic, N. J.)—The first or principal bridesmaid holds the bride's gloves and bouquet during the marriage service. The rest of the bridesmaids have nothing to do. The letters A E I signify "forever."

Q. L. (Peary, Ill.)—We should think it would be perfectly useless to advertise for a person who has not been heard of for forty years, and during that time has never communicated with his relations or friends at home.

A. E. (Reno, Kansas.)—We have never heard of the firm you mention, though it may exist. If you have any business to transact with such an establishment, it would be safer and cheaper to communicate with well-known firms in this city or New York.

E. R. G. (Clinton, Iowa.)—As a matter of course, many persons earn their livelihood, and some make handsome incomes by their proficiency in music; but whether you are likely to do anything of the kind, no one who is a perfect stranger to you can for a single moment prophesy.

E. M. (Kalamazoo, Mich.)—A youth of either sex, sixteen years of age, may expect to grow a little more, though females do often stop growing at that age. A young lady of sixteen is sometimes of too tender an age to have her thoughts fixed on matrimony, though she may perhaps begin to dream of love.

CONSTANT READER, (Sanford, Me.)—Your best plan would be to go to some shipping port such as New York, Boston, or Philadelphia, and make personal application to the captains of the vessels sailing to those places. Your wages in case of getting a situation would probably be from eight to sixteen dollars.

M. H. K. (Clark, Ark.)—Agnus Dei is the Latin for "Lamb of God." In the Roman Catholic Church, a cake of wax, stamped with the figure of the Lamb, supporting the banner of the Cross, is called "The Agnus Dei;" it is consecrated by the Pope. "The Agnus Dei" is also a prayer in the office of the mass.

CHAMP. S. (Clarksville, Tex.)—The best form for an engagement ring for persons in moderate circumstances is one of plain gold with initials of the lady and gentleman engraved inside, beside the date of the presentation or engagement. No inscription, either from the Latin or any other language is in such good taste as the simple initials with the date.

HOPE, (Graves, Ky.)—Perhaps one of the best modes of spelling correctly is to write a few lines, some one reading them to you slowly. When you have finished writing, take the book and compare what you have written with it, correcting each misspelt word, and writing the misspelt words at least twenty times over. By this mode you are scarcely likely to repeat the error.

B. S. (Ulster, N. Y.)—We wish to say, not only to you, but to many other persons who have requested our opinions of various public companies and other business institutions that we do not like to publish information, or express our opinions in print, on such matters, particularly where we have reason to suspect that a question is asked simply to get some company or other business advertised.

VIOLA, (Bradley, Tenn.)—There are several famous Beatrices. Dante immortalised his Beatrice in verse over six hundred years ago. Then there is poor Beatrice Cenci, whom all the world knows by reason of her great misfortunes, and Shakspeare's Beatrice, a gay, witty, capricious beauty, with whom Benedict falls in love in the play of "Much Ado About Nothing." The reference is probably to the latter.

H. R. (Wilcox, Ala.)—If you have "a perfect passion for Greek," and are the son of a wealthy man who is willing you should do as you please, why then go on with your Greek. Your passion is a harmless one, and it may turn out to be a most beneficial one, so far as you are concerned. It is a good thing for a boy to have a love for any studious pursuit, especially a boy who is rich, and is allowed to have his own way.

MATERIA, (Middlesex, Conn.)—Our knowledge of the cause of consumption is still obscure; a hereditary influence undoubtedly enters often into the causation; persons whose parents, or grandparents, have been consumptive being more likely to be afflicted with the complaint than others. Statistics show that the disease prevails especially among persons whose occupations involve a sedentary life, and confinement within doors.

HAMILTON, (Penobscot, Me.)—It is not in good taste to evince a dislike to anyone—it is best to avoid persons whom you dislike; if you cannot do so, and you meet, you can be civil without in any way seeking their society. 2. It is not necessary to rise, unless the gentleman holds a position higher than your own, or unless he be old and commands the respect due to age. 2. We cannot tell from description—a pug nose is not considered a defect in some faces.

ORNATOR, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—The earliest mention is to be found in the "Scott's Magazine," for the year 1858, where a correspondent suggests electricity as a medium for conveying messages, etc. The idea of an electric telegraph is by no means so modern as you may suppose, and many suggestions of it have been at different times been made by learned men. Professor Morse is entitled to the credit of being the first to carry the idea out in the most perfect practical manner.

CLATSOP, (Kalkaska, Mich.)—Young ladies should restrain from playing practical jokes upon men, or upon each other. Practical jokes are intolerable when perpetrated by men; but when played off by women, they are hateful and so generally are the women who are guilty of such a breach of good manners. We do not blame your lover for breaking off his engagement with you on account of the gross trick upon him in which you were a party. We do not see how it could have failed to excite his disgust.

ENA, (Bristol, Pa.)—You might represent "Night" if you desire to wear black at the fancy-dress ball; the skirt should be of black tulle, with a basque-bodice of silver brocade the tunic edged with a fringe of crimped silver, a black fan with the handle and sticks of silver; the tunic should be looped at one side, with a large star and little stars dotted about the bodice, a close-fitting turban-cap, with a silver fringe; long black gloves, with bands of silver tissue or brocade about an inch wide, at equal distances; to make it still more peculiar, a bat should be fixed on the left shoulder.

JOCELYN, (Allegheny, S. C.)—We fear you are one of the many young ladies who think every gentleman of your acquaintance is a lover at heart. A gentleman is introduced to a lady; he is prepossessed in her favor; a conversation ensues. This affords him an opportunity of becoming acquainted with her intelligence and good sense; he forms a high opinion of her ability and moral worth; subsequent interviews only serve to establish his opinion; and, while he cultivates her friendship, she falls in love. This is a weakness common among vain women especially. They imagine that devotees only can approach them? Is such your case?